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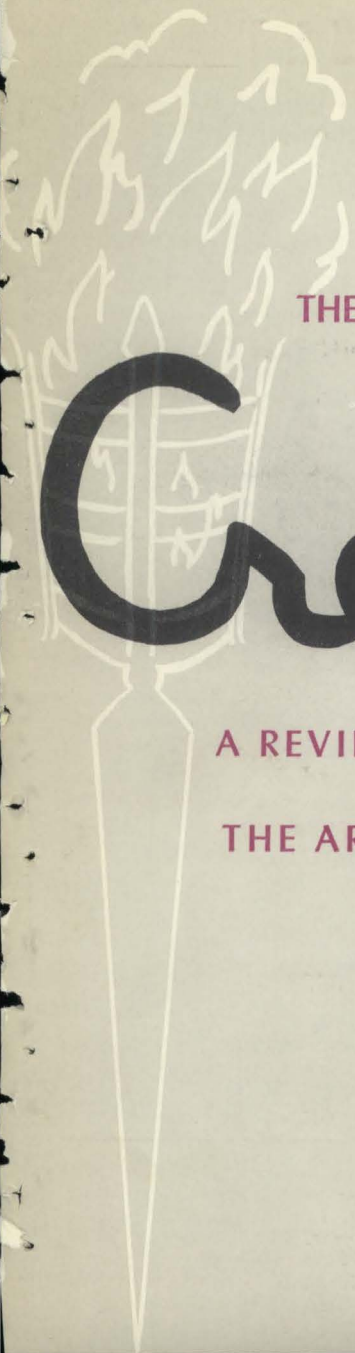

THE

Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,

THE ARTS, AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

MAY 1955

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THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

IN THE MAY CRESSET:

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VOL. XVIII, No. 7 May 1955

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

A Worthwhile Gamble

It is reported that one reason for President Eisenhower's reluctance to engage in Big Four discussions "at the summit" is his fear that, if nothing came out of the discussions, people the world over would feel let down. Perhaps it would be more nearly accurate to say that, in the present pessimistic atmosphere of our world, if anything at all came out of such discussions the people of the world would feel somewhat encouraged. For the fact is that nobody expects much to come out of Big Four talks except, perhaps, a little more personal understanding of each other on the part of the leaders of the great powers.

We do not see how the already somber picture of the future can be darkened by such a meeting and we are optimistic enough to hope that such a meeting might do at least a little bit of good. Drowning men clutch at straws, and a drowning world might reasonably clutch at even such an unsubstantial straw as a Big Four meeting.

The President appears to be a man of great personal charm and obvious sincerity. We do not expect him to work the miracle of converting doctrinaire and calculating p o w e r politicians into friends and allies. But if, putting the best construction on everything, the Russians feel that their security is actually menaced by an aggressive and war-

bent United States, the President is one man who ought to be able to allay such fears. In return, we think that a President whose career in the army demanded the day-by-day appraisal of the strengths and weaknesses of other men ought to be able to come back from such a meeting with a clearer picture than he probably has now of the caliber and intent of the men who dominate the Soviet Union.

What it boils down to is this: there may be nothing to be gained from a Big Four meeting, but we can not see how there could be much to lose. Our allies, already obviously fearful that Russian intransigence might have driven us to an intransigence of our own, have been as insistent as diplomatic language permits that we at least agree to sit down and talk. A decent consideration for their feelings, if nothing else, should prompt us to have a go at it.

And if, as some of our more pessimistic prophets warn us, the war is bound to come anyway, it may someday be a comfort to us to be able to recall that we left no avenue unexplored in our search for a way towards the peaceful settlement of world differences.

Spilling the Beans

It would have to be assumed, of course, that discussions among the leaders of the great powers could be carried on in an atmosphere of genuine candor. It would be pointless to bring the president and the prime ministers together to shout slogans at each other, a job which is already being adequately done by their newspapers.

Unfortunately, the decision of the United States State Department to release the full American text of the Yalta discussions will, for years to come, inhibit candid discussions at any conference which includes representatives of our country. The effect of such disclosures during the lifetimes of the participants is to make such conferences, in effect, delayed press conferences. Statesmen who should be frankly speaking to each other will be speaking with one eye cocked on the news columns of their home-country newspapers, and the great idea will be to see to it that here and there a catch phrase gets into the record for later disinterral as a favorable headline.

Mr. Dulles and his staff apparently had some reason for releasing the documents. The *New York Times* apparently had some reason for forcing the State De-

partment's hand. What those reasons were, despite various statements that have been made, remains obscure. The right to know has never been considered an absolute right, and it may be doubted that even those who mouthed the contention that the people have some sort of absolute right to know have actually bothered to take the time and trouble to wade through the whole record of the Yalta Conference.

We seem to discern behind the disclosure a manifestation of the American people's old and sometimes thoughtless dislike of what they call "secret diplomacy." Woodrow Wilson's World War I catch phrase about "open covenants openly arrived at" captured the imagination of our people, particularly of the more liberal element among us, and it has been repeated so often that it has come to enjoy almost the status of a moral demand.

It seems to us that this emphasis upon openness misses the mark. What we want is good covenants, good treaties. Depending upon the nature of the matters under discussion, it may be a good idea in some cases to have the negotiations carried on in full view of the TV cameras. In more delicate cases, some privacy—perhaps total privacy—may be necessary for the working out of compromises and for the frank expression of opposing opinion which are essential steps in the negotiating process. There may even be times when the best way to resolve certain questions is by flipping a coin, an operation not designed to inspire confidence in the average citizen who likes to think of his diplomatic representatives sweating at the conference table.

One thing, and one thing alone, we are entitled to know in the wake of an international conference: what was decided and to what are we committed? What Mr. Roosevelt said to Mr. Stalin while the waiters were pouring the vodka is, really, none of our business. What Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Stalin agreed to have their countries do is quite definitely our business. Such agreements are incorporated in documents which ultimately, in our country, demand either senatorial approval or some form of congressional implementation. The "whole" record, like the "whole" story of a man's life, confuses more than it illumines.

Unanswered Questions

Our unilateral action in releasing the Yalta documents (and again it must be empha-

sized that it was our version of what happened there that was released) has aggravated the concern felt by many governments that wish to be our friends, the concern lest our long-time unawareness of world opinion pass into a positive indifference to that opinion.

Statesmen and scientists in friendly countries have not concealed their concern for the possible effects of our bomb-testing in the Nevada proving grounds. Scientists in our own country have added their voices to the rising chorus of warning voices. But the tests go on in an atmosphere of silence which gives the appearance of indicating either that those who direct the tests have not heard the warnings or are too little impressed by them to bother answering.

We have not the vaguest qualifications for even guessing whether the effects of these tests have any significance or not. We are impressed, though, by the fact that warnings of their cumulative effects have been stated by men who have not, in the past, been given to wild statements. If their statements are invalid, a clear statements from competent scientists who have worked in our thermonuclear developments could set fears at rest and dignify serious warnings with a serious answer. If the warnings are valid, it is high time that we stopped these explosions.

"Reverential Ignorance"

We have just passed through the season of the year when many metropolitan newspapers print series of religious articles under headings such as "My Most Unforgettable Religious Experience" or "What Religion Means to Me."

Two things, it seems to us, need to be said about most of the articles in such series: (1) they attest to man's essential need to believe that outside himself there is someone or something that has a kindly purpose and the power to effect its purposes, but (2) they almost uniformly define religion in terms which fully justify Karl Marx's description of it as an opiate or Lord Russell's conception of it as mere superstition. Indeed, if we were not a Christian, and knew no more about Christianity than these articles tell us, we would be firmly in Lord Russell's camp and sympathetic to at least one point in the world view of Karl Marx.

And yet one must respect the gropings of human beings, even when, as one believes, the gropings lead to infantile conclusions.

The most depressing thing about these articles is that, after 2000 years of the Christian witness, the apparent level of religious literacy among people otherwise well-educated and widely experienced should be hardly beyond the first-grade level. Indeed, we are prepared to say that the theology of a class of second graders in our local parochial school is much more sophisticated, much more rational, much less maudlin, and much less superstitious than was the theology of all but one or two of the big names whose articles appeared in our local paper.

A Grinnell College professor recently described the attitude of our people towards the Bible as one of "reverential ignorance." We think that it would not be unfair to say that this attitude of "reverential ignorance" is the general attitude of the Western World today towards the Christian religion. Our editor, in one of our staff meetings, put it still more succinctly. He described the Western world as "sub-Christian."

It seems to us that it is vitally important to all of us who are Bearers of the Word to realize this. Our message has not been rejected. It has not been misunderstood. It has simply not been heard. We repeat, it has simply not been heard. And what is more, it is not going to be heard so long as churches continue to operate as closed corporations and social clubs. And, of course, there will be nothing to be heard until Protestantism gets down to business and rediscovers theology.

Bibliolatry

Returning to the remarks of the Grinnell College professor, Walter L. King, which we quoted above, we were delighted by some observations he made about Bible reading.

"A lot of people have resolved to read the Bible through," Professor King said. "Perhaps about the middle of the second book, Exodus, they bog down. The plan is abandoned. Or they decide to open the Bible for some inspirational reading. They open it at Leviticus or Numbers, and find only formidable laws. They're in the wrong part of the Bible for their purpose."

For a long time we have wondered whether Protestantism has not surrounded the Bible with the same web of supersition that the Roman Church has built around the Mother of God. The glory of the Virgin was that through her the Son of God was born into the world. The glory of the Scriptures is that, through them, the Son of God is born

into men's hearts. But in both cases, the vehicle is of secondary importance. And in neither case does the vehicle possess either any glory or any power in itself.

Men can read the Bible until they go blind, and yet remain unconverted, for it is only the Spirit that quickeneth. Bible reading marathons, and even daily programs of Bible reading, are worthwhile only insofar as they represent a true searching of the Scriptures, a true longing to see Jesus. The mere flipping open of the Bible to satisfy the daily ten-minute-devotion requirement contains a large element of superstition.

This is not to say that any part of the Scriptures is profitless. But it must be obvious to anyone who really knows his Bible that the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Psalms contain a greater concentration of spiritual truth than do some of the historical or statistical books of the Old Testament. Indeed, large sections of the Old Testament must be largely unintelligible except as they are read against the background of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. This is true of all of history, including the history of the covenant people.

The highest, and therefore most dangerous, idolatry is the worship of the secondarily good. Man (humanism), the Mother of God (Mariolatry), the Church (ecclesiolatry), and the Bible (Bibliolatry) are such lesser goods. Any one of them may prompt us to violate the first and greatest commandment: "Thou shalt love *the Lord thy God* with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength."

More Protection

Not to be outdone by other branches of the government, the Post Office Department has whomped up a little contribution of its own to the national defense, safety, and interest. A recent departmental order has stopped delivery of *Pravda* and *Izvestia* to most of their American subscribers "as part of a program aimed at choking off the flow of Communist propaganda."

One can see the reason for the department's action. These papers, both printed in the Russian language, could be subtly dangerous in a country like ours where almost every high school graduate converses as easily and as fluently in Russian as in his own regional patois. Perhaps it was because of the inroads made by these foreign newspapers that circulations of our own daily

papers and weekly magazines have been declining. It would be encouraging to think so, at any rate. Some of our more pessimistic fellow-countrymen had ascribed the decline in reading to domestic competition such as television and the comic books.

Some have criticized the action of the department in not banning the distribution of papers published in other countries. The particular object of such criticism is usually the British press. But surely the answer must be obvious. The British press is published in English, a language which we ourself can testify, on the basis of seven years of college teaching experience, is only very imperfectly understood in our country. It is a difficult language, full of irregular verb forms and variant spellings, all of them calculated to render it too arcane for the average man.

And one must look at this from the Post Office Department's point of view. One can be doing a good job nowadays, minding his own business and trying to return a profit to the public treasury, but that is not adequate proof of devotion to the common weal. The senator who becomes overly preoccupied with legislation, the military officer who gives all his time to the study of strategy and tactics, the administrator who spends all of his waking hours in the performance of his statutory duties —of what use are these to the nation unless they are actively twisting the Red Bear's tail?

Besides, how can men remain free unless they are prevented from examining the alternatives to freedom?

Walter White

The death of Walter White at a comparatively early age closes a career which deserved, and ultimately received, a large measure of success.

Walter White was a Negro but so light was his pigmentation that he might, had he chosen to do so, have "passed" as a white man. His decision to cast his lot with the Negro people reminds one of the decision made, centuries ago, by a member of another minority group, Moses, who upon reaching manhood "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, c h o o s i n g rather to suffer affliction" with his people. And one might carry the comparison a step further by noting that Walter White, like Moses, became not only a member of the afflicted group but a leader within it.

Like every man who fights vigorously against injustice, Wal-

ter White had his devoted admirers and his bitter enemies. He was the bane of those well-meaning but unrealistic fence-straddlers whose fond dream it has been that the racial problem would, given time, solve itself if the Negro would only be patient and continue to accept his inferior status. At times, White's impatience with this policy prompted him to forms of direct action which even his friends could not altogether approve. But the truly surprising thing about him was that he found it possible to exercise as much moderation as he did in a situation which might have tempted him to outright defiance of the laws and customs which, in large areas of our country, have served as his people's invisible shackles.

The wisdom of his policies and the fervor of his convictions received a very considerable part of their reward in his lifetime. The monumental court decision of about a year ago, though long overdue, went a long way to right an ancient wrong. With the court now again at its full complement, we may hope to see supplementary rulings which will spell out in detail the general principles set down in the 1954 ruling. Meanwhile, the Negro himself has become newly conscious of his human dignity and has successfully asserted it in areas where, a generation ago, he was still looked upon as sub-human.

We shall never know what successes Walter White might have enjoyed had he chosen the easy way and "passed" as a white man. His choice was the harder choice and it led him to greatness.

Col. Robert R. McCormick

Next to a good friend, nothing adds so much spice to life as a worthy antagonist. For two decades, at least, many of us found such an antagonist in Col. Robert R. McCormick, the late editor and publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*. He is gone now, and we shall miss him.

The colonel was a remarkable person, a survival from the exciting days of personal journalism, a disciple of the Teddy Roosevelt school of the strenuous life, an Anglicized aristocrat who mistrusted the British and particularly their aristocracy. He was an exemplary employer whose personal welfare state might have set a pattern for a national welfare state. And he loved his country with a devotion that bordered upon fanaticism.

The colonel was a man of violent passions. His monumen-

tal hatred of the Hyde Park Roosevelts has perhaps never been matched as a record of sustained, high-voltage passion. One felt, reading the *Tribune,* that somethings had gone out of the colonel's life when FDR died and was succeeded by a man so patently inadequate to sustain the same high level of hatred.

We found ourselves in disagreement with the colonel on almost every issue of the past two decades. What he called "nationalism" seemed to us simply an obstinate refusal to accept the fact that the world changes and that our country's policies must change with changed conditions. His editorializing in the news columns ultimately lost him the confidence of even a fairly large number of people who were in general agreement with his opinions. And his sale of his Washington paper to its "liberal" opposition raised a great many eyebrows among people who had always respected him at least for his convictions.

But when one has added up all of the plusses and minuses, the figure that emerges is the figure of a remarkable personality. Robert R. McCormick was Robert R. McCormick, and nobody else. He was not just one specimen of genus publisher. He was not just another voice saying what all of the other voices were saying. He could be fooled or misinformed, but he could never be bought. In his community, he was a courageous fighter for civic improvement and good government. He was, to put it very simply, an authentic character.

Our times are such that strong personalities like Col. McCormick have become obviously anachronistic. One wonders, at the passing of such an anachronism, whether we have gained or lost by the change.

AD LIB.

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

How do you rate as a human being, as a parent, as a child, as a cooperative worker, or as a responsible person? What type of personality do you have? What are your chances of success or failure? How is your disposition? If your answer to any of the above questions is "Don't know", you have only yourself to blame. You may think that in order to get correct answers to these questions you would be required to take a battery of valid tests given by some person sufficiently qualified as a psychologist to interpret them correctly. This takes time and a little money, and it is no longer necessary.

Now you can find out who and what you are right in your own home without any expense whatsoever. All you have to do is pick up a copy of almost any popular magazine and there you will find an article, written by a Dr. Somebody who is usually known only to the editor, and this article will be complete with a psychological test. This test may have been drawn up to determine whether you are a fit father or mother, whether you have a chance for happiness, or whether you can hope to make a million dollars before you're 30.

The subject makes very little difference. It is bound to be something that interests you and it will be aimed at answering some questions that have been bothering your psyche for years. All of these articles and tests are based on some deep human need, so you can't go wrong.

Furthermore, the test will require only a few minutes of your time. It will contain only ten or

fifteen questions, and the chart for grading yourself is right at the end of the article, printed upside down. For those who feel stunned by the quiz and are perplexed at their inability to read the answers in this position, the editor often adds a helpful note suggesting that you turn the magazine upside down for easier reading.

I've taken a number of these tests, usually when I'm completely out of something else to read and have started to peruse recipes in women's magazines. While I have not done too well on most of the tests, nor have the tests done for me what the articles said they would, I put this down to my own personal failing for I have long been a dupe to the psychologists. I am aware that I don't always do things the way the psychologists think I should, and I show other signs of not being what they call perfectly adjusted.

I can remember the shock when I came up against my first sharp psychological phenomen, and I remember how I failed on even that first introduction to the field. At the time, I was a Freshman in college and I had signed up for a course in general psychology. In one of the early lectures, the professor was discussing some of the differences between ape and man. Illustrating a point, he said, "If the cap from a tube of toothpaste slipped from the hand into a washbowl, a man would merely put his hand over the drain, whereas an ape would try to grab the cap while it was rolling around the bowl."

Immediately I turned beet red, slumped in my chair, and threw surreptitious glances right and left to see if any of my classmates recognized in me a subhuman specimen. Because for years I had been trying to catch the toothpaste cap when it fell into the bowl, and, frankly, the simple act of covering the drain with my hand had never occurred to me. After slinking from class I was joined by a classmate who told me in confidence that he too had always chased the cap. It made me feel a little better to know that I was not the only maladjusted person around.

Something on this order happens to me when I take these psychological tests in the magazines, particularly when the answers are explained and I know at last what is wrong with me. Part of my trouble with these tests, however, lies in deciding on the proper answer. While the questions are simple enough, I still have difficulty deciding on the

answer. If it were possible to answer "sometimes, yes, or sometimes, no" I would have no trouble. But these answers are not permitted.

Not so long ago, I took one of the tests to find if I was a decisive sort of person. The article said it would take me only five minutes to find out. I pondered over the questions and, in all, it took me fifteen minutes, or three times too long, to finish them. I was just a little surprised, after grading myself on the chart, to discover that I was indeed decisive.

If you are not acquainted with these psychological tests, I can give you an example from last week's *This Week* magazine, a publication that must be keeping a flock of psychologists off the dole, because very few issues are published without either a psychological article or test, and usually both, by some psychologist. In this particular issue, the title of the article is "How to be an Optimist". Most articles in this field have "How to" in their titles which is a source of comfort to those of us who can't comply with the other articles on "How to", such as building a box or making a ceramic roll warmer, because our hands are not sufficiently skillful.

Half of the first page of this article is taken up by a picture. It shows a girl with a broad, false smile and what I thought were tears in her eyes. I have since concluded those were not tears—for she represents the optimist—but merely an eye irritation caused by dripping mascara of which she is wearing plenty. The man in the picture—representing the pessimist—has a glum expression. This couple, presumably, is looking at a fish bowl filled to the middle with coins. But as a matter of fact, neither is looking at the fishbowl. The optimist is looking at the camera and the pessimist is looking at her. To me the pessimist appears to be by far the more interesting person.

The first part of the test is right there in that picture. You are supposed to ask someone to describe the state of the fishbowl. If he answers it is half full, he is an optimist; but if he answers it is half empty, he is a pessimist. Easy isn't it?

One thing about this article is different. It is not written by a psychologist. It is written by a young lady who is identified only by name and it doesn't have a "Dr." in front of it. We can presume she is a working journalist just trying to get along. But she covers herself very well and her writing gives

off an aura of professionalism. Of the test, she is quick to say "we have had a batch of questions prepared." In other words, she didn't prepare them and we can assume then that the psychologists did, an assumption strengthened by a later reference to the effect that the questions "are drawn from the basic attitudes, which, psychologists say...."

And now for the questions. I was stumped by the first one which reads, "When raffle tickets are offered, do you usually take one?" Some other questions immediately entered my mind, such as, is this an office raffle, is it for a needy cause, what are the prizes? Although the author says not to try and figure out what the question has to do with optimism, I sneaked a look at the chart in the back and found if I could answer "yes", which I couldn't and didn't, I was ten points on my way to being an optimist. My trouble with these questions is that I want to argue the point, and I have a good argument in this case. A good reason for not taking raffle tickets is that it is gambling, so I fail to see how a person who doesn't gamble for good Christian reasons has less chance of being an optimist.

Then came the question "When you finish a job—whether it's making a cabinet or a cake—do you see nothing but ways in which you can do the work better next time?" This one took some time to answer since I've never made either a cake or a cabinet. If the author is referring to something made with the use of manual skill and will count some rather inexpert repair work, I can truthfully answer "no". My only hope at such times is that the repair job will hold together at least until I get out of sight. Another quick peek at the grading chart showed that I gave the right answer but for the wrong reason. I am supposed to stand there and admire what I've done.

Here is another question that raises many more questions, "If you were offered a $1000 cruise or $500 to put in the bank, would you take the cruise?" What it would be like to put $500 in the bank at one time, I can only imagine, but I have no questions about it. However, I do have some questions on that cruise. What is the destination of this cruise? Is it for one or two people? Do I have to spend the whole $1000 or can I try to get by cheaply and still save the $500. I assumed, finally, I would be required to spend the whole amount. And then I thought

over the possibilities of the cruise. Most of the recent contests have offered trips to Hollywood and I supposed that would be the destination of this cruise. Well, I've been to Hollywood and I didn't like it. So I said "goodbye" to that extra $500 and answered "no".

I was wrong again; I was supposed to take the cruise. The reason is not clear, and is, in fact, contradictory. It also fails to tell me, if I should have chosen the cruise, how I could leave my family for a couple of weeks and who was going to do my work at the office in the meantime.

The next question reveals much more about the authoress than it does about me. "When you start preparing for a vacation, does the chore of stuffing the suitcase and getting the children ready discourage you?" She is not married, or, if she is, she has no children. This question can apply only to persons with children, and no honest parent could answer anything except "yes" which is the wrong answer as it turns out.

Anyone who has gotten the children up at 4:30 a.m., helped dress them while they squirm, tired and cranky, helped to stuff everything in sight into suitcases, packed a lunch while the children cried, and then crammed seven suitcases into a car trunk built to hold four, meanwhile keeping the children clean and out of trouble is bound to be slightly discouraged. The person who can go through that experience and not feel some discouragement is neither well-adjusted nor an optimist in my estimation; he is merely numb.

In all there were fourteen questions in this test, but I am not going to give any more of them. The samples above should be sufficient to give you an idea of what the tests are like and what a wealth of information and guidance you may receive from them. I am not going to reveal my score on this test either. Suffice it to say, from the author's viewpoint, I am not exactly brimming over with enthusiasm for everything in sight. As a matter of fact, my total score didn't put me into any of the categories given by the author. This often happens to me in psychological quizzes however.

I have a few questions myself which I would like to put to these psychologists. The first one would be "Why are there so many so-called psychological articles and tests in the magazines today?" I don't suppose I would get an honest answer, for if the word got out the psychologists would not be writing articles for

a while. Obviously there is a demand for this sort of thing or they wouldn't be printed with such frequency.

It may be that we want to conform, that we want to feel we are well-adjusted. Because the results of these tests can be juggled so easily, anyone can come out feeling like a perfectly normal man, if there is such a thing. Popular psychology, of which these articles and tests are an example, has never accomplished very much and I am not sure it hasn't done a great deal of harm. The lack of validity in these tests could hardly make them helpful.

But in case you found the "How to be an Optimist" quiz frightfully interesting and informative, you should know that the editors have announced William G. Menninger himself will answer the question "What is the psychological key to success?" in the next issue. His answer will surprise you, the editors say. Permit me to say, I doubt it.

Step-Child

May is just a plain thing.
(May's blue gowns
Are only sister April's
Old hand-me-downs.)

She plaits simples, pinks and crocus
In her plain dark hair.
(It's early for the roses
Sister June will wear...)

Poor spring step-child!
What is there else to say,
Except that *I* am *wild*
About the month of May?

—DONALD MANKER

The Christian Witness In The Suburbs

By Harry N. Huxhold
Pastor, Lutheran Church of the Good Shepherd
Palos Park, Illinois

Growth of the suburbs is an outstanding factor in population trends commanding the attention of economic and social planners. It must, of course, be also of major concern for the Church.

The rush to the suburbs follows upon some rather evident causes. Where cities themselves no longer allow for expansion, increased population must move outside their limits.

The much publicized increase in the birth rate is only one of the causes for expanding families to move outside the crowded city. Increase in the population of the aged retains a larger segment of city housing. Mechanization of the farm and expansion of city industry stimulate movement from the rural areas to the metropolitan area. The replacement of antiquated living units in the city with a smaller number of units pushes the movement also.

In addition, the suburbs have drawing power of their own. Industry is developing attractive one-story factories on neat suburban plots. Suburban homes are new and equipped with modern accessories for comfortable living. Attractive stores, schools, playgrounds, and the expanse of lawns and shrubbery add to the "pull" to the suburban area. School, work, and shopping "car pools" have increased the feasibility of the move for many families.

For the greater part, however, the population trend does not in itself distinguish the suburban population too greatly from the city population. A large part of the suburban population moves back into the city each day for work, shopping, and entertainment. The suburb nourishes itself on the strength of the city.

The effect is that the "city" has transferred a good portion of

itself beyond its boundaries. But the suburbanite does not necessarily find himself involved in less mass living, nor is he guaranteed the enjoyment of more intimate group relationships. He may feel penalized that his move has removed him farther from former associations and his place of occupation.

The Church's roles in meeting this population trend away from the city is largely one of trying to establish enough churches to greet the new population. This is a great task for mission boards. Whatever suburb the board does enter, the newly founded mission will open the door to attract members of mother congregations in the city. However, a congregation may find the seemingly easy task of gathering up the saints somewhat complicated. The emotional insecurity of a population that must tear up roots and make all new associations is no small problem. Or if the suburban congregation is an established church, it may experience tensions between the "new" and the "old" members.

Witnessing in a relatively new community will have additional problems. A vast amount of energy, interest, and talent will be demanded for the organization of the community. A new church may find itself in competition with the community for the talents of its members. New homes and gardens in the suburb may be competitive for the church also. The pride of home ownership, the process of upkeep, the "finish-it" and "do-it-yourself" trends, the thrill of operating the power mower may well keep the church family supplied with excuses from church work and worship.

Also competitive with the Christian witness is the formation of community organizations that have assumed some of the church's role of charity. Men's, women's, and children's organizations that throw themselves into social service and relief roles are desirable for the community. However, if they fortify some citizens with the satisfaction that this is man's total obligation to his neighbor, they block the Christian witness.

The greatest hindrance to the Christian witness may be the suburbanite's tendency to identify himself with success. The suburban cottage, the car in the drive, the picket fence, the dog on the leash are American symbols of success. Built upon puritanical principles, this Horatio Alger motif in American surburbia can be the greatest ob-

stacle to the Christian message of humility and grace.

If the suburb attracts the intellectual or the pseudo-intellectual, the church may find this colony of learning indifferent to its witness. The cultural trait of recognizing an authority of any field as a qualified high priest of religion develops a snobbish consideration of the church's authority in the community.

The church may find, too, that suburbia may furnish problems for the families to which it addresses itself. The great temptation to live above one's means in order "to keep up with the Joneses" is eternal in the suburbs. The anxiety, the jealousies, the frustration, and the hypocrisy that this brings to family living in many suburban homes cannot be overstated. In the family, matrimonial discord may result. In the community, the family may become competitive for acceptance on the basis of feigned wealth. This is apt to develop a treacherous basis for personal relationships and eventually create a social stratification within the community that threatens the democratic process.

Loneliness is another family problem in the suburbs. By comparison with the city, the suburb may radiate much more warmth and friendliness. However, if a family has had to break off all former relationships, it does not always possess the strengths for good integration in the community. Such a family may well experience the depths of loneliness in the midst of a comparably intimate and gracious setting. This happens especially to some of the management people who are transferred by their industry from community to community, often the s u b u r b s. While their business may throw them into a whirl of new associations, they may learn to cultivate only "surface" relationships and always be lonely.

The suburban family may suffer, too, from the loss of the parental figure in the family. This major problem, which the industrial revolution forced upon society, is emphasized in the suburb. The father may be kept from the family circle, and from his responsibilities in it, a greater amount of time by the farther distance he must travel to his place of business. A larger factor is that many residents of the suburb are executive people, or persons of responsibility, who must travel on behalf of their companies or give many evenings and late hours to company business. In time, the family may harbor deep-seated resentments against the father's

occupation and disharmony follows.

While all these problems are major concerns for the Christian witness or hindrances to it, they are also opportunities for the witness. It is peculiar to the Christian witness that it is always addressing itself to a problem. It is never without a tension. The tension varies and presents itself in different forms under different circumstances. The Church has always recognized this and therefore is not overwhelmed by its task in the suburbs. Nevertheless, it must be sure of what its task is.

A new congregation or an old congregation in the developing suburb will naturally concern itself quite seriously with adding new names to its membership list. Every member helps. Mother congregations or sister congregations in the city, on the other hand, may be slow to refer or release members. It is inevitable that both the city and the suburban congregation will have the same realistic concern for budgets. In a church body that does not maintain parish lines to make such transfers mandatory, members may easily be lost to either in time. The city church cannot serve the needs of the suburbanite adequately, and the suburban church will not serve him at all. Or the evident vying and jealousy for church members may create the impression that the Church's main concern is church membership and not its witness to people.

If the congregation, on the other hand, is faithful to its function to witness and concerns itself with its major task, it should grab a commanding place in the life of suburbia. The Church is the single force that addresses itself to the entire family. It serves the integration of the family that has been decimated seriously by contemporary social organization. A congregation in the suburb must carefully avoid a further decimation of the family by an overly organized church program. By its witness it must cultivate the family as a garden of Christian virtues. It can do this only if it jealously protects the interests and prerogatives of the family with a carefully designed program for the family.

The suburban church will make great impact upon its community, too, with a living sense of the *koinonia,* the fellowship in the Body of Christ. The minister of the suburb may often find reluctance on the part of new arrivals in his community to affiliate with his congregation. The new family may have had

no fears of moving into a new house, a new area, of placing children in a different school, of shopping at different stores. But they may find it difficult to break ties with a congregation in the city. This is a signal that there may be a bit of disillusionment in the move to the suburb. They have not developed as strong a bond with their new community as they had hoped. Therefore they find it difficult to give up the fellowship and association that has been the most meaningful to them—"their" congregation. This should be entree for the suburban congregation. It must be demonstrated that the Christian experience is capable of the same meaningful and deep relationships in the new field. The sense of fellowship in the Body of Christ cuts through the loneliness and insecurity of the individual and provides the joys and comfort of communal living in Christ.

In achieving its task of the effective Christian witness, the suburban church must be thoroughly certain that its witness is distinctively Christian. The dangers of suburbia's confusing and identifying moral living with Christianity and social service with the Christian heart have been mentioned. The Christian witness must rise above these delusions. The suburban church program must be distinguishable from the meetings of the local PTA and Rotary. The church must destroy the notions that the Christian heroine has been called by God to whip up cakes for the bake sale, and that the Christian hero is never more noble than when he paints the shutters on the parsonage. The Christian witness in the suburbs can be distinctive, obviously, if its witness is Christ. A vital pulpit, frequent use of the Sacrament, and a full program of the study of the Word are the stimulation for a living witness to the community. This should be self-evident. Yet modern day church life is shot through with endless varieties of gimmicks and methods that unhappily avoid all resemblance to the formula of witnessing to Christ.

The suburban church must demonstrate that the Christian witness is not provincial. It has an earnest involvement in the larger Kingdom. It manifests itself in a devotion to the world. It has a world mission. Unless this is clearly discernible in the life of the suburban church, there is grave danger that the self-respect of a middle and upper class society will infiltrate the suburban church with a perpetuation of self-interest. A con-

gregation must lose itself in its witness to the Christ for its community and the world. There must be a divine urgency about its mission.

In this respect, the church must be bold about its confession as to the sacrifice of which the Gospel is worthy. The church will fare poorly in the midst of industrious, successful business people if it makes no demands of them. The church will always be second-rate so long as it chooses to be. But where the Gospel finds acceptance, the grand doctrine of the Christian calling should emphasize the Holy Spirit's desire to transform men from the slaves of industry to the free sons of Heaven. God could offer no better to man. In return, He can expect the first fruits of men. If the suburban church, however, adopts the attitude that it is fortunate to have men of means and courts their favor only as a good income tax deduction, it of itself will destroy its witness to such men.

The group of suburbanites who are apt to remain the most cool and aloof to the Christian witness is the intellectual cult. It may well be that the suburban church may hold no attraction for many intellectuals through present patterns. If the rich liturgical tradition that embraces Word and Sacrament in a worship service does not affect the intellectual, the church should dare to meet him on his own grounds. Paul tried Mars Hill, and not without some success. Free discussion groups arranged to demonstrate that the Christian message is directed to every heart and has its relevance in all of life should be profitable.

Generally speaking, suburbanites are a gracious people. Calling and canvassing in the suburbs is greeted with warm hospitality. People take time to listen and to question. They are an informed people, an interested people. This is to the advantage of the Christian witness. An active witness in the suburbs can not cry for want of a ready ear. If the mind and the heart are not ready that is another story. But the Christian witness in the suburbs should be forthright, direct, and clear. It must utilize this opportunity for the purpose for which it is sent.

While the suburban population may be more youthful, more pretentious, more sophisticated than the average population of the city, the Christian witness will find suburbia's need for the Christ no less desperate.

The "X Factor" In Discovering Social Problems

By Paul G. Hansen

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George Lundberg, in his brilliant little book, *Can Science Save Us?* (N.Y.: Longmans, 1947), pictures human society as a group of passengers in an automobile. It is the role of science to provide a better and better automobile, to give directions as to the best driving methods, to indicate the safest and most direct routes to destinations, and even to measure the desires of the passengers as to the way they want to go. But science cannot tell the passengers what their destination should be. For a limited distance it can show possible costs and consequences of travel in a certain direction, but science has no knowledge of ultimate goals or their final values. Lundberg does not say it, but at this point we might add that it is the part of religion, or the church, to supply the final destination of the travelers.

For a long time the church has been plagued with the question of its role in the matter of social problems. There has been the school of thought which felt that the church should take an attitude of aloofness. Any concern for the troubles of society smacked of the "social gospel," a label which came to suggest mere humanism in place of Christianity. There has been another viewpoint which seemed to imply that religion and sociology were two alternatives in the treatment of social ills. The individual had to decide between God and science. It is the purpose of this brief analysis of the role of religion (more specifically, Christianity) in the area of social problems, to show that when properly used, science can and should be a tool of the church, and that, for science, the church alone is in possession of what might be called the "x factor," the great unknown quantity, necessary for the solution of social problems. This un-

known quantity, so far as science is concerned, is man's final goal or his ultimate values.

It is not the purpose of this article to say much about the problem *solving* phase of the church's place in society, except as a solution first requires understanding of the problem. For one thing, most discussions of the place of religion in the world concentrate on the area of what might be called social therapy. We would be duplicating more than we are already with respect to what has already been written. And furthermore, the importance of discovering social problems and "isolating the germ" before a cure is attempted has often been overlooked. Church leaders have often felt sure that the problem was apparent and have hastened to apply the approved solution, whether it fit the case or not. A few weeks ago a child in Colorado swallowed some liquid of unknown composition, and a doctor held long-distance telephone wires open for three hours, all the way to Philadelphia, because the chief chemist of a factory had to be located to explain the chemical formula involved before an antidote could be attempted. So important is it to know what we are treating before we ever attempt a cure.

Since 1951, the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, through its Family Life Committee, has been engaged in a piece of research in the area of problem analysis rather than problem solving. The project is concerned with the relation of the church to problems in family living. This research, we are convinced, is something rather unique in the field of church activity. There is no other instance on record where a church body has appropriated over $30,000 merely to enable its leaders to see more clearly the problems which exist in a certain phase of church life. It is hoped that the results of the Lutheran family study will be published within a few months. This article is an attempt to show the kind of social thinking behind a church's efforts to *discover* problems before trying to solve them.

A number of writers have given definitions of a social problem. One of the most common goes something like this: It is "any social situation which attracts the attention of a considerable number of competent observers within a society, and appeals to them as calling for readjustment or remedy." (Clarence Case in *Analyzing Social Problems,* by Nordskog, McDonagh, and Vincent, N. Y.:

Dryden, 1950, p.2) Such a definition is admittedly very vague, but it is the best that any science can do without some "ultimate goals" or their final values. Social science must define a problem according to the very subjective standards of the group involved. No sociologist can go among the Manus of New Guinea and tell them that they have such social problems as improper child training, mistreatment of women, or even poor housing. Such an opinion would certainly cause amazement and would result in ridicule or resentment. The church, however, has dared to send its missionaries to all parts of the world, and it has dared to point out to countless primitive peoples the social problems of which they were not even aware. The church has had available an "x factor" with which science has never been able to operate. Unfortunately, the church has sometimes tried to depend on the "x factor" alone.

The Use of Scientific Method

When the study of Lutheran family life was first announced, there was considerable criticism of the method to be employed. Funds should not be spent merely to define problems. If the church was not already aware of its weaknesses and internal conflicts, a deeper study of Scripture would take care of that. And furthermore, the use of a survey technique along the lines of public opinion polls or, worse yet, a "Kinsey report," was clearly an attempt to make church doctrine and practice a matter of majority vote rather than Scriptural guidance. It is to be hoped that the final outcome of the study will serve to vindicate the methods used and answer objections as no theoretical explanations could.

It might be interesting to observe that church people are not alone in being suspicious of scientific methods for analyzing social problems. When an effort was made after the war to get government subsidy for work in the social sciences as well as the physical, the United States Senate rejected the proposal. Commenting on that short-sighted attitude, George Lundberg remarked: "It is repeatedly pointed out that we really know the solutions to all our social problems. If we would but listen to the philosophers, the seers, and the writers of great books down the ages and search our souls, we would find the answers. What we really need to do—and this came out repeatedly in the testimony

is to *educate* people so they will read and listen. Not research, not new knowledge, but education in old knowledge is the key." (Quoted by Stuart Chase, *Proper Study of Mankind,* N.Y.: Harpers, 1948, p.8) If the highest legislative body in the land could so completely fail to see the value of research in the social field, it is easy to understand how church leaders, naturally and sometimes justifiably suspicious of man's efforts to know himself, could wonder about funds used for research in the field of marriage and family living.

A man comes to his doctor and says to him: "Doctor, I have been taking that medicine you gave me, but it hasn't helped very much. I have just about as many headaches as I had before." The unscientific person would probably say, "Just take a little more of the medicine." He would take for granted that a slight reduction in the number of headaches was ample evidence that the medicine was doing some good. A wise doctor makes another check. Is the medicine really helping? Is the slight reduction in headaches really due to the medicine or to other factors? Might a change of medicine be the answer? Perhaps a combination of drugs is indicated.

That is a simple illustration of the kind of problem facing the church at the start of the family life study. A pastoral conference in Southern California petitioned the church's convention in 1947, asking that something be done about the problem of divorce and remarriage and "related matters." It was apparent that, though the influence of the church did serve to reduce the divorce rate among the membership, the terrific rise in the incidence of marital discord was very noticeable in religious circles as well as in the secular world. The "medicine" of church-approved practices was apparently failing to do all that it was supposed to do. The easy solution would be to urge ministers and other church workers to put forth more effort. More preaching and teaching and visiting and counseling would take care of the problem. A bigger dose of "medicine" would be the answer.

However, those responsible for the family life study were convinced that another check should be made, both on the patient *and* on the medicine, to make sure that the right treatment was being given and the right ailment had been diagnosed. The

study naturally had to be limited to the specific contribution of the *church* in the area of family relations. It was recognized that to study, for example, all possible factors responsible for marital discord, together with every suggested remedy, would probably be the most ambitious sociological study yet undertaken and far beyond the limits of the church's funds and manpower. But was the church failing to apply its remedies in the right way? Was the remedy chosen for a specific ailment the right one? Did the church really understand the ailments?

"The informal picture I carry around in my mind of a social scientist," said Stuart Chase (*op. cit.*, p. 11), "is a man with a notebook watching people behave." In a sense that was the process employed by the family life research committee of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. Only the "man with a notebook" became some 5,000 questionnaires sent to representative Lutheran families throughout the nation. This is not the place for a more careful discussion of sampling methods or techniques used in compiling data. Suffice it to say that if a social problem is a "situation which attracts the attention of a considerable number of competent observers," there is no better way to prove the existence of a problem than by data which can be counted and measured and are therefore open to inspection by any "competent observer" who desires to satisfy his doubts on the matter.

Questionnaires in this study were designed to demonstrate a social problem or the absence of it by the amount of correspondence between what were first agreed upon as the four essential elements of effective church influence. The first element was official church doctrine as drawn from long accepted writings. (Questionnaires were, of course, not necessary for this portion of the study.) The second was doctrine taught by actual church leaders (pastors) in direct contact with the church membership. The third was professed beliefs of church members who have been exposed to a certain amount of teaching, at least from the individual pastor. And finally, there was the implied real belief of church members as demonstrated by their actual practices. (However, to be as objective as possible, admitted conduct was simply compared with creed, without any allowance for possible ambivalence on the part of the respondent.) What seems to be a valid hy-

pothesis was then developed, asserting that the amount of disparity between the four legs on this religious "platform" would determine the extent of the problem situation.

It was naturally necessary to begin with several hypotheses regarding existing problems. Questionnaires had to be formulated on the basis of what appeared on the surface to be conflict situations. Results showed that on some questions all four legs were out of balance. On other questions only one did not quite stand true. However, it was easily within the realm of possibility that there might have been perfect balance on certain questions, with church, pastor, belief, and practice all being in complete agreement. That such did not occur may be a tribute to those who selected the hypotheses; but it in no way reduces the value of such a technique for discovering a socio-religious problem.

Where the "X" Factor Fits In

Most writers on social problems, no matter how objective they may try to be, must allow for a certain amount of value judgement in the recognition of whatever conflict may appear. Francis Merrill, a leading authority in the field of social disorganization, says that no social problem can exist unless some value is threatened. (Nordskog, et.al., *op.cit.*, p.10) But the trouble is that he must then define a value as a "pattern of belief whose maintenance is considered important to group welfare." In that way he rules out the possibility of absolute values or ultimate norms and makes unnecessary and unreliable any testing of social needs beyond what amounts to group opinion. As long as the four legs on the platform are of equal length and the platform stands solidly (to use our previous illustration), no one can question its usefulness. It apparently does not matter if the legs are cut off to within three inches of the ground in order to make them even or if they stand so high that the platform is unusable. "A lack of conflict," or in other words, balance between the various segments of society is all that is required.

That point of view has caused people to accept the Kinsey report on American sexual behavior as an indication that sex standards ought to be changed. "Sin" is defined merely as "not being able to satisfy needs by socially approved situ-

ations." (Becker, *Through Values to Social Interpretation,* Durham, N.C.: Duke Univ. Press, 1950, p.21) Some writers, however, wisely suggest that from such a viewpoint there is danger of confusing normal temperature with the fever which so many have. (Landis & Landis, *Building A Successful Marriage,* N.Y.: Prentice- Hall, 1953) Social scientists are often reluctant to accept the obvious implications of their own moral relativism and will themselves make judgments on the basis of preconceived standards. They speak of the fact that social problems are complicated by a conscious denial of their existence and an "unconscious realization that basic social values have been questioned." (Merrill, *op.cit.,* p. 15) Racial discrimination in the South is used as an example. It would seem more consistent to suggest that if values are relative to social consciousness, no race problem exists (or has existed) in the South. The same would be true of the "problem" of extra-marital sex relations according to Kinsey's figures.

In an effort to avoid such logical conclusions, some social scientists have used what is essentially a hedonistic (or pleasure-pain) approach and suggested that values are determined by what can be shown to be "best" for a society in terms of happiness value. Notable in this group is Sorokin with his sound denunciation of moral relativism and his hope for an idealistic society. (*The Reconstruction of Humanity,* Boston: Beacon Press, 1948) He quotes Kryllof's fable of the bear throwing a stone at a fly that annoys the sleeping hermit (the bear's friend) and hitting instead the forehead of the hermit. The bear's intentions, he says, were wholly altruistic; but the actual consequences of his altruism were disastrous to the hermit. However, in trying to define what is good for society, even Sorokin must resort to an "x factor" of a sort when he hints at some sort of divine spark or inner light, after the manner of Bergson's *elan vital.* (*Creative Evolution,* N.Y.: The Modern Library, 1944)

In the area of family problems (as well as race, war, crime, etc.) social scientists have attempted to set up standards of behavior on the basis of future happiness. However, the demonstrable evidence has been anything but valid. That Christianity has not produced an end to war Sorokin must then attribute to the fact that it has not been practiced (*op.cit.,* p.42). That pre-marital sex relations do not

significantly affect the happiness of marriage, writers on the family explain by so-called "other factors," such as the warm and out-going personality of one who is unfortunately also tempted to sexual looseness. (e.g. Baber, *Marriage and the Family,* N.Y.: McGraw-Hill, 1953; Kirkpatrick, *The Family,* N.Y.: Ronald, 1955; Landis, *Readings in Marriage and the Family,* N.Y.: Prentice-Hall, 1952.) The plain fact of the matter is, however, that it is extremely difficult to make a case for the utilitarian or hedonistic approach to the traditional sex morality of our society.

Not to belabor the point further, it should be said very clearly and unequivocally that the discovery of social problems, from the viewpoint of the church, must rest finally upon a *divine revelation of absolute values.* For the reader, who has undoubtedly b e e n hopelessly confused by the indirect approach up to this point, there should be no mistake about that emphasis. In George Lundberg's illustration of the automobile with unknown destination, it is *divine revelation* which supplies the infallible road signs. If we liken a social problem to an organic disease, it is *divine revelation* which supplies the infallible prescription.

So the Lutheran Church's study of family problems was not only based on a check of agreement between the "four legs" of official doctrine, pastoral teaching, common beliefs, and common practices. It was taken for granted that the legs might well be even, and the platform might stand solidly on all four, and yet there might be something radically wrong with the entire structure in view of a final purpose for which it was intended. The remedy for legs that were too short or too long might lie in cutting some or lengthening others. Some deciding authority must be invoked. For the Lutheran Church the determination of ultimate values has always rested with Sacred Scripture. It is taken for granted that the God who created us did not "leave Himself without witness" (Acts 14:17) but has also given us a guide toward our ultimate destination.

A very thorough study of what the Bible has to say is therefore basic at all times to any religious and scientific approach to social problems. That is the "x factor" which makes the Christian analysis so much more clear and convincing. Bible study (or exegesis) was therefore a major portion of the Missouri Synod's research project in the area of family life.

It is recognized that Bible study involves the use of fallible, often tradition-bound and opinionated, human beings. The most objective student is not free from personal bias. To that extent even the "x factor" is not a cure-all in the church's struggle to see clearly the goals which the Almighty intended. But it is felt that the same Lord who "committed unto us" this "word of reconciliation" (II Cor. 5:19) will also guide and direct our feeble human efforts to use that Word aright. From a strictly scientific viewpoint, it must be admitted that a recourse to revelation is not valid. However, that such a recourse is compatible as a supplement to the strictest scientific analysis of social problems, even the social scientist will admit. (Chase, *op.cit.*, p. 9)

The church has only begun to scratch the surface of a long-range program for a truly valid analysis of social problems. Methods employed in the study reported here leave much to be desired. Not the least of the weaknesses has been the validation of the questionnaire technique. With more time and money available, the interview process would undoubtedly be superior. The isolation of the factor of sheer ignorance on the part of church members in relation to divergent belief has also proved difficult. The proper weighting of official statements of the church in relation to current opinions has been troublesome. And most difficult of all has been the question of legitimate "research" and a *"de novo"* approach to the absolute values set forth in Scripture. Rules for procedure in the area of Biblical study are still far from clear or concise.

In spite of the many problems still confronting the church's analysis of social problems, it is felt that a major step has been taken toward real help for humanity when the church acknowledges without hesitation: (1) its responsibility toward the social ills of mankind, (2) the value of every scientific technique man can devise for the diagnosis of such ills, and (3) the unique and essential contribution of the Christian faith to social science through the divine guidance of Sacred Scripture.

In Less Than Six Hours

By Edward L. Schapsmeier

The blanket found its bed on the floor. George Marlowe could not sleep.

A lifetime had passed from his mind and all since eleven o'clock that evening. Now it was only one in the morning. His wife might have been disturbed, if he had had one.

George Marlowe was a teacher. Being awake annoyed him. Loss of sleep made it difficult to withstand the emotional pressure of a school day. The eternity of the night had been his companion frequently, especially the past few months. To be exact, it started with his first date with Joyce.

Joyce was the new primary teacher. Actually she had been with the school for over half a year. She was the only woman on the faculty. Joyce was "sharp," as one of the eighth graders put it. Her presence made even Friday an enjoyable teaching day for it was on that day that his schedule allowed him a free period with her.

George had often used the pretext of asking her for her opinion on a lesson plan just to talk with her. She was fresh out of college and yet he readily observed a maturity about her. It was only the other night that they had discussed Freud. Now it seemed as if he were in need of some psychoanalysis himself.

He remembered how they had joked about the absurdity of the id and all the other Freudian jargon.

"Joyce is an intelligent girl. She is pretty...and has everything," mused George to himself. "Why did she have to come along...why couldn't things have been the way they were?"

The smoke curled from his nostrils as he reached over to flip on the radio. His soiled pajama sleeve brushed the overladen ashtray. It hit the floor with a queer bounce, as if to afford one a fleeting opportunity to prevent it from spraying its contents.

George cursed to himself and with the same breath reprimanded himself. Quickly the littered remains of many packages of cigarettes were herded into a

mound. They resembled corpses, all twisted out of shape and giving forth a stale stench.

Now that he was on his feet, he adjusted the radio to a barely audible tone. The dial was where it always remained. George had often thanked his lucky stars that his F.M. set could even pick up the only classical music station in the area. It was his constant companion. "The cheapest and the best," he had often remarked to Joyce. For the rural town of Grover Junction, George might have truthfully added, "the *only* entertainment."

She liked good music also. It was at choir that he had first really gotten to know Joyce. After several months he had ventured to inquire whether she might attend the symphony with him.

George had purchased a yearly subscription ticket for two at the Lake City Symphony. It was only two hours' drive to Lake City, if one used the gravel highway. Hearing live music was always a thrill, even though the musicians were not strictly professional. Mediocrity would suffice in lieu of something better.

He was pleased that Joyce liked Beethoven also. He had so enjoyed the last concert, even though the high school chorus had faltered at the finish of the Ninth. His body trembled slightly as he recalled how she had moved close to him during the majestic finish. His body had literally quivered, just as it was now doing.

George lit another cigarette and reached for the blanket. His form resembled "The Thinker" with a blue haze as a shroud.

The announcer was just announcing the next number. "Thank heaven for all night stations," mumbled George.

"...And now in honor of spring, which will be upon us in just six hours, we present the 'Spring Symphony' by Robert Schuman." Almost as an afterthought the voice droned quickly, "The New York Philharmonic is under the direction of Bruno Walter."

The countenance of George Marlowe indicated both attention and recognition. Swaying softly, as if to lead the music, he thought to himself, "I wonder how many people are listening at this moment?"

Amid the silent voice of expectation he sighed heavily. Reaching more carefully towards the ashtray, his eyes seized upon the underlined words glaring through the modicum of ashes. Picking up the open Bible, George blew the alien particles off and read, "Man's goings are

of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?" His eyes had stared at that passage during his evening devotion, just as they were now. He had drawn a thin pencil line under it, which was unusual for George. He did not think it proper to mark up a Bible. His eyes continued to gaze as the words formed on his lips, "Why does God make man to desire a wife and then deny him the means to acquire one?"

The Psalms normally afforded much comfort to George, but tonight he had passed them up. He had made it a practice to read at least one every night. Tonight was different. By chance he had hit upon these words and they had been powerful enough to induce him to underline them.

Nothing seemed clear any more. Why had Joyce refused his proposal? Her reason, her very words, "I like you very much George. You are a real friend, but I am just not ready for marriage yet."

He had pondered those words every minute since they had been uttered. A kind refusal, but what did they mean?

Mentally he had tracked down every angle. Was he too old for her? No, he couldn't be more than four or five years older than she—possibly six at the most. They both liked the same things or at least she seemed to. No arguments had ever arisen, they knew each other well—over six months. He had never acted out of line and she had always seemed to really go for him. He couldn't figure it out—it just did not make sense.

His body reeled as his coughing spasm started. The cigarettes were cruel. He would have to cut down his smoking. His voice —he would have to watch it, its being a teacher's main tool.

The friendly music was soothing. "Spring," he muttered to an unseen audience, "the season of hope. What a laugh!" The sound effects of his subdued laughing sounded strange. What were the words Luther had said? He had just read them the other night. Something about man's passion being the drive that motivates man to seek holy wedlock. His mouth gave birth to another sound resembling a chuckle. "I will agree with that bit of wisdom, but dear Martin forgets to enlighten us poor bachelors just how to win the maiden."

The landlady always turned the heat off during the night. "It's healthier that way," she repeatedly remarked.

"Cheaper too," George always added mentally.

His back began to ache and his legs quivered from the cold. He suddenly had a great urge to pound violently upon the radiator, just as he used to do in college. Propriety demanded suffering in solitude.

With great effort George Marlowe raised himself. He was a tall man, slightly bent but a full six feet. Even while sustaining his balance the chill of movement made him tremble. The blanket, flecked with ashes, offered temporary succor.

Silhouetted against the dim lamp, George had the semblance of some proud chieftain of past days. The features of his face stood out in bold relief. They revealed strength and a mental sharpness and premature aging.

In college he had impressed professors and fellow students alike. All had predicted a great future for him in the service of the church. He had taken the liberty to imagine himself one day teaching at the same college. All this changed when his first assignment, over nine years ago, had placed him in a two-teacher school in a small town. His twenty-four hundred dollar salary had even prevented him from doing any graduate work. And he was not even principal.

George instinctively smoothed down his hair. Actually this motion was from habit and was quite extravagant. Time and fate had done strange things. The balding patch had grown larger every year, but George had ignored it. It made him look older and he reasoned that that was an advantage in teaching.

Perhaps a little wine would serve better than the niggardly doled out heat. Where had he left that port? "A little wine for thy stomach's sake," George rationalized. Or maybe he should say, "for thy cold's sake." His mental quip evoked oral laughter. He had not laughed all evening and now he compensated for it. So what if the landlady heard him? He had a lifetime to make amends.

He had never before drunk directly from the bottle. In fact the bottle had been purchased to celebrate his first meeting with Joyce. The red reflected weirdly from his lips and then stained his arm as he blotted out the remains. "Got to get some sleep, or I'll be a mess tomorrow."

How would he speak to Joyce in the morning? That was another worry. Be nonchalant, gay, or just civil? Perhaps he would just act as if nothing had happened at all. Inside he knew that he would play his part well, even while the gnawing ache clawed at his very soul. This

knowledge made the cut even deeper.

The tears appeared without warning. "Oh God...why?" His body openly and involuntarily shook now. The cold and the bitter-sweet taste had allied with his emotions. They were doing their work well.

His third cigarette finished the pack. The taste of the smoke mingled strangely with the wine. "She said she wasn't ready to marry yet. What a filthy lie. Why didn't she just say 'no' and give me a reason?"

George Marlowe recoiled by instinct, an instinct all smokers have when the fire nears their fingers. He wearily extended his arm as he vainly sought room in the tray. Raising himself slightly, he ground the cigarette into its companions.

His eyes once more observed the decisive words, "Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?" Like an obscure rapier their message penetrated his dull consciousness.

The light ceased as if blotted out by darkness. George Marlowe settled quietly in bed. It was now two a.m. His teaching day would begin in less than six hours. The smoke hung low over the bed even though it was now invisible. The final movement of "Spring" echoed in the stillness. Soon it was to compete with convulsive sobs—a fugue to herald the advent of spring, which would dawn in less than six hours.

FREEDOM AND SECURITY

The hawk, observing chickens in a pen,
Noting the resignation of each hen
And pullet to her futile, fatal role
As egg- and meat-producer to a whole
Menage of humans, is moved by the sight
To nausea, then rage, then appetite.

JOHN NIXON, JR.

The Jew, The Christian, And God

By Richard Scheimann

Instructor in Philosophy, Valparaiso University

"Comfort, comfort ye, my people," cries the prophet in the glorious poetry of the fortieth chapter of Isaiah. Here is announced the good news of God's mercy to His beloved people. But who are His people; and what is the nature of the longed-for deliverance? Jews have one answer, and Christians another. It is one of the ironies of history that the same inspired words can be used with different intents. Would it not be a fascinating experience for us to learn what part the fortieth chapter of Isaiah may play in the piety of a believing Jew? Such experiences, however, are hard to come by. Most of us do not number among our close friends one who is a devout Jew. This may be due to lack of opportunity, but some times an opportunity for friendship with a Jew is given to us, and we hang back, because we sense that the friendship will embody a tension we would rather avoid. The friendship never ripens. Both of us are sorry, yet secretly relieved. What a pity, we say, that we have not exploited this opportunity for mutual enrichment. A pity? Perhaps it is more than a pity. Perhaps it is a tragedy whose consequences will affect our eternal welfare. We may have missed just that kind of friendship which will bring us face to face with the specifically religious roots of our alienation from one another, and of our common alienation from our God.

For every religious culture, even the very finest, carries within itself the seeds of man's spiritual destruction. It furnishes man with a temptation which he is characteristically unable to withstand—the temptation, the compulsion, to be clothed in his own righteousness before God. Once we must be made the recipients of God's free grace, once we must stand naked before His

seemingly arbitrary mercy, we are deprived of one of our most precious luxuries—the luxury of playing God, the supreme satisfaction of consigning to hell those who, we feel, are morally or religiously inferior to ourselves.

This terrible pride can be seen most clearly within the context of the religious tension between Christians and Jews. For neither Christian nor Jew finds it easy to believe that his own natural self-respect, his own progress in piety, could prompt him to repel God's overtures of mercy and the claims of His love. Because a Christian scruples to confess such turpitude he ascribes it to the Jew. And the Jew, because of a like reluctance, attributes it to the Christian. Each pretends that the nature and heritage of the other have effectually cut him off from the grace of God. Thus do we Christians and Jews build a wall of pride between our selves, unmindful that the same wall threatens to block our common access to the mercy and forgiveness of God.

Both dangers have been characterized most poignantly by St. Paul, who knew in his own person the anguished alienation of Gentiles from Jews, of Jews from Gentiles, and of both from God. The stumbling block for Saul—and for his fellow Jews—was this: How was it possible that God had nursed along His chosen race through so many centuries, encouraging them to long for and expect His messianic deliverer, only to confront them with an exasperating Person who claimed that His Kingdom was also for the Gentiles? To what purpose, then, the centuries of suffering and of discipline? The stumbling block for Paul and for us is this: How can God, after having had His offer spurned by the Jews, expect us to treat them as though they were on the same footing with ourselves? Are not *we* the spiritual Israel? Have not *they* been cast aside?

To both parties, Jews and Gentiles, Paul replies in Romans 11. God has consigned all men to disobedience, that He may have mercy on all, both Jew and Gentile. By requiring what no human righteousness can supply, God is under obligation to no one. He shows mercy to any one He pleases. The finest piety of Judaism affords the Jew not one whit of precedence in the order of grace. The fact that many Gentiles have eagerly clutched at the gift spurned by the Jews gives no ground for boasting nor for invidious comparisons. The Jew can make no spiritual capi-

tal out of the fact that he is the seed of Abraham, after the flesh. The Gentile can take no special credit for the fact that the true seed of Abraham is the Israel of the spirit. For both Israels are meant to live by the promises of God. Just as there was nothing to deter God from making a special effort to interest the Gentiles in His merciful forgiveness, through the preaching of the Gospel, so there is nothing to deter Him from turning back to His ancient people to restore them to the fold through the preaching of the same Gospel. Surely it is the most damnable presumption for Christians or Jews to attempt to frustrate either of these divine strategies!

Yet do not we Christians often covertly, or not so covertly, pretend that *we* are now the sole custodians of God's promises and that Jews are forever cut off from God's mercy because a group of their forefathers shouted "Crucify Him; His blood be on us and on our children"? Is not this ultimate Pharisaism often implied in the teaching of our Sunday Schools? Do not even some professors in Christian seminaries teach that Jews are c u r s e d irrevocably and doomed to suffer persecution till the end of time? Is it not tragically true that we as professed followers of the Christ have given Jews little reason to reconsider their original estimate of the Rabbi from Nazareth and of His mission? Would not a humble recognition of this fratricidal folly of fellow sinners prepare us Christians to sense afresh our need of God's enabling grace, if we are to renounce our pride? Does not God's love compel us to testify to one another and to our Jewish friends that our little righteousnesses are not worth comparing, that our pride has been swallowed up by God's sacrifice of His pride, in the death of His only Son? Perhaps, then, with winning love we could sit down with Jewish friends and read with true humility Paul's words to the Romans:

> I ask, then, has God rejected His people? By no means!...God has not rejected His people whom he foreknew...As regards the gospel they are enemies of God, for your sake; but as regards His election they are beloved for the sake of their forefathers. For the gifts and the call of God are irrevocable. Just as you were once disobedient to God but now have received mercy because of their disobedience, so they have now been disobedient in order that by the mercy shown to you they also may receive mercy. For God has consigned all men to disobedience, that He may have mercy upon all. O the depth of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and how inscrutable His ways! ...For from Him and through Him and to Him are all things. To Him be glory forever. Amen.

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

Dear Editor,

You probably remember that about a year ago I wrote you a little review of T. Romney Beall's *Putting God to Work for You.* I'm not much of a man for reading, but this book fascinated me and I often pick it up and read a page here and there just to buck me up when I'm feeling low. You never did review it in the CRESSET, so maybe you don't think much of it, but for us practical people a practical book like Beall's is just the thing.

Anyway, Beall made a speech the other night in Omaha and the Mrs. and I went in to hear him. He's even better in the flesh than he is in writing. The guy's got bounce and energy and if he wasn't already a preacher he could probably make a killing as a salesman. His talk was on "Selling Christianity" and it was a humdinger.

Beall's main point was that preachers and, for that matter, laymen are basically salesmen. They've got a good product and a potentially big market. So if they're not selling their product, the fault is either with the packaging or with the sales technique.

The trouble with the packaging, Beall says, is that it is still in the style and the language of a hundred years ago. He took as an example the word "sin." Advertising religion as a cure for sin, Beall says, is like advertising a patent medicine as a cure for sour stomach. People don't have sour stomach anymore. What they have is "acid indigestion." In the same way, people aren't bothered by sins anymore. What they have is psychoneurotic (I hope that's spelled right) conflicts. I had never thought of it quite that way, but he says that studies have proved that names impress as the square of their length, so a clever advertiser will either find or make up some big, juicy, jaw-breaking name for his product if he wants to really push it.

I think he's got a point there. It always has seemed to me that you can't get the sort of people you want into the church if you are going to be constantly harping on sin. Maybe you could pick up a few bums and lushes, but we've got enough of those in the church already. If you want to sell the substantial people in town, people like the guys that

spend their Sunday mornings playing golf, you've got to offer something on a little higher level than a sin-cure. I can just imagine how Jimmy Baker, our Chamber of Commerce secretary, would react if I would try to tell him he was a sinner. He'd either think I was trying to be funny, or he would tell me to mind my own business.

Beall says that our sales techniques are all wrong, too. The church is too dignified, he claims. He says that some preachers act like they were bankers or high-type insurance men instead of salesmen. We don't get out and sell, but wait for the world to come to us. I didn't get all of the details of what he had to say on this score but I remember that one of his major points was that people like to do what everybody else is doing. The idea to get across to them is that coming to church is the thing to do. And he says that he can't see anything wrong even with a singing commercial if that's what it takes to sell your product. In fact, he mentioned a church out east that boosted its membership 25 percent in three months with a singing commercial that went something like this:

(Tune: Alexander's Ragtime Band)
Come on along, come on along, Come and join our happy throng!
We're bright and gay, We work and play
At the Church where we belong.
And if you want to know its name, the name's Saint Epicurus.
Come on along, come on along, Epicurus welcomes you.

I'll have to admit that I can't quite see singing commercials to advertise the church but that's probably because the idea is new to me. When you come down to it, though, if the idea is to get people to come to church, what's wrong with singing commercials?

Anyway, it was a real experience listening to a live-wire like Beall. I don't know where the man stands on doctrine, but as a promoter you've sure got to hand it to him. He was telling us about his own church in New York and, although he didn't brag about it, you could tell that he really runs an establishment. He's got enough things going there that he could keep the whole plant running and paying for itself even if they didn't hold any services. And, in my books, you can't argue with success like that.

Sincerely,
G.G.

Music and MUSIC MAKERS

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Let me talk to you in some detail about an engrossing orchestral concert I recently heard. The program was made up of works by Hector Berlioz, Franz Liszt, and Jean Sibelius.

Are you lukewarm toward the music of Berlioz, past master of the art of orchestration? Some are. Are you enthusiastic? If you are, you will find many to agree with you.

Do the compositions of Liszt fill you with pleasure, or do they give you pain? Some are fond of the renowned Abbe's music; others call it empty—like a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Do you like the music of Sibelius, the Finnish composer who is now in his eighty-ninth year? Some abhor it; others consider it great. Some look upon Sibelius as a mighty prophet; others are convinced that he has nothing to say.

At all events, the program I shall tell you about gave Berlioz-haters and Berlioz-enthusiasts, Liszt-opponents and Liszt-champions, Sibelius-foes and Sibelius-friends an opportunity either to vent their spleen in dismay or to lick their chops in delight.

A column on music is bound to reflect the personal reactions and convictions of the one who writes it. This, I believe, is self-evident. Consequently, I shall state in all candor that I cordially dislike the *Beatrice and Benedict Overture,* by Berlioz, with which the orchestra began the concert. Yes, the *Beatrice and Benedict Overture* invariably causes me pain—unless I concentrate solely on the composer's phenomenal skill in the complex art of instrumentation. I have tried desperately to learn to like the overture to *Beatrice and Benedict.* But my attempts have been hopeless. Incidentally, I have the same feeling toward the overture to *Benvenuto Cellini.* It, too, is from the pen of Berlioz. May it soon perish from the earth!

What about the *Love Scene* from *Romeo and Juliet*: *A Dramatic Symphony, Op.* 17, which Berlioz wrote after he had received 20,000 francs from Niccolo Paganini, peerless master of the violin? Well, ladies and

gentlemen, this is a totally different story. I do not hesitate to call the *Love Scene* great music. And, believe me, I am using the word "great" with a full realization of what it means. The *Love Scene*—which must be played in a deftly integrated *cantabile* style—is one of Berlioz' finest inspirations. I am sure that the world of music would not want to be without it. We owe a debt of gratitude to Paganini—who, like Berlioz himself, played the guitar—and to the redheaded Harriet Simpson—with whom Berlioz was madly in love—for providing the inspiration which led to the writing of such beautiful music.

Concerning the touching *Love Scene,* which occurs in the third part of *Romeo and Juliet* and, in the words of the late Herbert F. Peyser, "includes the most enamoring melodic ideas Berlioz ever conceived," the composer himself wrote in his *Memoirs*:

> If in the famous balcony scene and in the funeral vault the dialogue between the lovers, Juliet's asides, and the passionate pleading of Romeo are not sung; if, in a word, the duets are entrusted to the orchestra, the reasons are several and easily grasped. The first—and this would suffice by itself—is that the work is not an opera but a symphony. Secondly, duets of this character have been composed for voices a thousand times before and by the greatest masters. It was, therefore, the part of prudence, as well as a challenge, to attempt a new mode of expression. Lastly, since the very sublimity of the love story made it a perilous task for the composer to depict it, he chose to give his imagination a wider latitude than the positive meaning of words would have allowed; he resorted instead to the instrumental idiom, a richer, more varied, less fixed language, which, by reason of its very indefiniteness, is incomparably more powerful for the present purpose.

Now let us consider Liszt. The program I am discussing contained the exciting *Totentanz (Dance of Death),* which, to my thinking, is by far the best piano-and-orchestra work from the famous Hungarian master's fertile, facile, and prophetic pen. The *Totentanz* is great music. And again I am using the word "great" advisedly. Liszt composed the *Totentanz* in 1853 and revised it six years later. The premiere took place at The Hague on March 15, 1865. Hans von Buelow, the renowned pianist-conductor, was the soloist. Liszt had dedicated the work to him.

The *Totentanz* is a series of variations on the *Dies Irae,* the impressive Gregorian plainchant which is an important part of the *Missa pro Defunctis (Mass for the Dead).* It is said to have been inspired by a fresco in the *Campo di Pisa*—a fresco titled *The Triumph of Death* and attributed to Andrea Ambrogio. Let me assure you that the

Totentanz is fiendishly difficult to play. It requires consummate mastery of the keyboard and, in addition, musicianship of an unusually high order. To me it mirrors many changes of mood and color. At times it is somber and pensive. At times it is brilliant and wild. At times it is supercilious and sneering. Here we see Liszt the showman and Liszt the man of the church. Not many pianists have the courage to play the *Totentanz* in public.

The *Dies Irae* has fascinated many composers. Sergei Rachmaninoff wove it into some of the masterfully contrived variations in his *Rapsodie on a Theme by Paganini, Op.* 43. He used it in his *The Isle of the Dead, Op.* 29 as well as in his *Symphonic Dances for Orchestra, Op.* 45. Camille Saint-Saens burlesqued it into a fantastic waltz in his *Danse Macabre.* Berlioz introduced it with grotesque but telling effectiveness in that portion of his *Fantastic Symphony* which depicts the *Witches' Sabbath.* Ernest Schelling availed himself of its impressive power in the most dramatic section of his *A Victory Ball.* Tchaikovsky used it in his *Manfred, Op.* 58. Ernest Bloch has it in the first movement of his *Quintet for Piano and Strings.*

I believe that Liszt was one of music's great men—even though he, too, wrote some drivel and balderdash. At times he wrote in a syrupy style. At times he mingled syrup with gunpowder. But the *Totentanz* is a great work.

Just as Berlioz appeared on the program at his best and, in my opinion, almost at his worst, so Sibelius was represented by his *Symphony No.* 5, *in E Flat Major, Op.* 82 as a mighty prophet and by his somewhat bombastic *Finlandia* as a composer who sometimes wrote inferior music.

For many years I have been exceedingly fond of the Finnish master's *Fifth,* a work which, in more than one respect, tramples mercilessly on tradition but is at once unique and powerful in its substance as well as in its beauty. Its opening, writes Olin Downes, of the *New York Times,* is "pastoral"; its final pages are "as grand, as primitive as a sunrise over jagged mountain peaks."

But I could do without *Finlandia.* Yes, I am ready for the brickbats that are bound to come flying my way. *Finlandia* is popular. But it is Sibelius at his downright worst.

Gerald Abraham (*The Music of Sibelius.* Norton, 1947) calls Sibelius' *Symphony No.* 5 "perhaps the most approachable" of

the later symphonies from the Finnish master's pen. World War I was raging when the composer completed this work in its first form. This was in 1915. The first public performance took place at Helsingfors on December 8 of that year, under the direction of Robert Kajanus. This was Sibelius' fiftieth birthday, and Finland celebrated the event as a national holiday.

Nils-Eric Ringbom (*Jean Sibelius: A Master and His Work.* University of Oklahoma Press. 1954) writes:

> The homage began early in the morning at the general rehearsal for the evening festival concert and continued throughout the day in the form of deputations and individual callers, reaching its climax at the festival concert, which was followed by a banquet, on which occasion leading personalities in various fields of activity in Finland combined in honoring "the country's greatest son."

Sibelius' *Fifth,* says Ringbom,

> bears very few traces of the brooding gloom and somber melancholy that constitutes the keynote of the severe and powerfully moving *Fourth.* It is more open, franker; and, like the *Third,* is a transparent, richly and sonorously scored work.

There are excellent recordings of the works I have discussed. Listen to those recordings again and again before you decide to become a Berlioz-hater or a Berlioz-enthusiast, a Liszt-opponent or a Liszt-champion, a Sibelius-foe or a Sibelius-friend.

Music, you know, thrives on controversy.

* * *

Recent Recordings

ERNEST BLOCH. *Four Episodes (Humoresque Macabre, Obsession, Calm, Chinese) for Piano, Winds, and Strings.* William Masselos, pianist, with the Knickerbocker Chamber Players under Izler Solomon. BENJAMIN BRITTEN. *Sinfonietta for Winds and Strings, Op.* 1. The M-G-M Chamber Ensemble under Solomon. —Excellent performances of a fine work which Bloch, the foremost Jewish composer of our time, wrote in 1926 and a well-expressed but rather insignificant composition written by Britten, the English composer, when he was only eighteen. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E290.

A "POPS" CONCERT. *Norma Overture,* by Vincenzo Bellini; *Coronation March,* from *The Prophet,* by Giacomo Meyerbeer; *Dance,* from *William Tell,* by Gioacchino Rossini; *Ballet Music,* from *Otello,* by Giuseppe Verdi. The Bamberg Symphony Orchestra under Fritz Lehmann. —A concert bound to give much pleasure to many. 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-4089.

ERNESTO LECUONA. *Andalucia: Spanish Suite for Piano (Cordoba, Andaluza, Alhambra, Gitanerias, Guadalquivir, Malaguena), Zambra Gitana, Granada, Siboney.* Pablos Flores, pianist. —Flores, the eminent Spanish pianist, gives brilliant and colorful readings of exciting music by Cuba's foremost composer.

33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E199.

MARIA CALLAS SINGS. *Liebestod,* from *Tristan und Isolde,* by Richard Wagner; *Qui la voce sua soave* and *Vien diletto e in ciel la luna,* from *I Puritani,* by Vincenzo Bellini; *E strano; Ah, fors' e lui; Folie! Folie! Sempre libera,* and *Addio del passato,* from *La Traviata,* by Giuseppe Verdi; *Suicidio!* from *La Gioconda,* by Amilcare Ponchielli. Maria Callas with the Symphony Orchestra of Radiotelevisione Italiana, Turin, and the Symphony Orchestra of Radio Italiana, Turin, under Arturo Basile, Gabriele Santini, and Antonio Votto. —Artistry of a high order. Maria Callas has an exceptionally rich and remarkably flexible voice. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol-Cetra A-50175.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF. *Concerto No. 2, in C Minor, for Piano and Orchestra, Op.* 18. Leonard Pinnario, pianist, with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra under Vladimir Golschmann. —A stirring performance of one of the finest piano concertos of recent times. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8302.

FAMOUS TENOR ARIAS. *Tu che a Dio* and *Tombe degliavi miei,* from *Lucia di Lammermoor,* by Gaetano Donizetti; *Il mio tesoro intanto* and *Dalla sua pace,* from *Don Giovanni,* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart; *Pourquoi me reveiller* and *O nature,* from *Werther,* by Jules Massenet; *La reve* and *Ah! Fuyez, douce image,* from *Manon,* by Massenet. Cesare Valletti, tenor, with the Orchestra Lirica Cetra under Arturo Basile. —A beautiful voice. Beautiful artistry. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol-Cetra A-50176.

DARIUS MILHAUD. *Concerto for Percussion and Orchestra.* The Concert Arts Orchestra under Felix Slatkin. CARLOS CHAVEZ. *Toccata for Percussion.* The Concert Arts Percussionists under Slatkin. BELA BARTOK. *Music for String Instruments, Percussion, and Celesta.* The Los Angeles Chamber Symphony under Harold Byrns. —This is grist for the "hi-fi" enthusiast's mill. Superb recording. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8299.

ANTONIN DVORAK. *Concerto in B Minor, for 'Cello and Orchestra, Op.* 104. Andre Navarra, 'cellist, with The New Symphony Orchestra of London under Rudolf Schwarz. —An exemplary performance of one of the few important works for 'cello and orchestra. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8301.

CESAR FRANCK. *Symphony in D Minor.* The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Guido Cantelli. —A clear-cut and straightforward performance of a fine symphony which many conductors present in a syrupy manner. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1852.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Concerto No. 15, in B Flat Major, for Piano and Orchestra (K.* 450). Solomon, pianist, with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Otto Ackermann.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Concerto No. 2, in B Flat Major, Op.* 19. Solomon, pianist, with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Andre Cluytens. —When I

listen to these wonderful recordings, my enthusiasm for what the two great composers have bequeathed to us and for the artistry of Solomon literally knows no bounds. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LHMV-12.

JEAN SIBELIUS. *Symphony No.* 2, *in D Major, Op.* 43. Leopold Stokowski conducting members of the NBC Symphony Orchestra. —An admirable and tonally sumptuous performance of a masterpiece. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1854.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Symphony No.* 4, *in D Minor, Op.* 120. JOSEPH HAYDN. *Symphony No.* 88, *in G Major.* The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Wilhelm Furtwaengler. —It is refreshing to hear Schumann's beautiful *Fourth* presented by a conductor who does not impel one to ask, "Where's the fire?" The reading of Haydn's symphony is equally admirable. 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-9767.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Serenade No.* 11, *in E Flat Major, for Wind Instruments* (*K.* 375) and *Serenade No.* 12, *in C Minor, for Wind Instruments* (*K.* 388). Arthur Winograd conducting a wind ensemble. —Recordings like this make one doubly grateful for the phonograph and the art of recording. Works like these two masterpieces from the pen of Mozart are seldom presented in concert halls anywhere. Winograd, 'cellist of the well-known Juilliard String Quartet, makes a successful and highly propitious disc debut. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3159.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Ein deutsches Requiem* (*A German Requiem*). Georg Solti conducting the Frankfurt Opera and Museum Orchestras and the Frankfurt Opera Chorus, with Lore Wissmann, soprano, and Theo Adam, baritone. —An excellent presentation of a masterpiece which moves one to the very quick. Sung in German. Two 12-inch 33 1/3 rpm. discs. Boxed. Capitol PBR-8300.

GIUSEPPE VERDI. *A Masked Ball.* Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra and the Robert Shaw Chorale, with the following cast: Jan Peerce, tenor; Robert Merrill, baritone; Herva Nelli, soprano; Claramae Turner, mezzo-soprano; Virginia Haskins, soprano; George Cehanovsky, baritone; Nicola Moscona, basso; Norman Scott, basso; John Carmen Rossi. —This ideal disc-presentation of Verdi's fine opera is taken from the memorable broadcast performances of January 17 and 24, 1954. It is a high-fidelity recording on three 12-inch 33 1/3 rpm discs. RCA Victor LM-6112.

GIUSEPPE VERDI. *A Masked Ball.* Angelo Questa conducting the Orchestra and Chorus of Radiotelevisione Italiana, Turin, with Mary Curtis Verna, soprano; Pia Tassinari, soprano; Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor; Giuseppe Valdengo, baritone, and other able artists. —A superb disc performance on two 12-inch 33 1/3 rpm records. Boxed. Capitol-Cetra B-1249.

ALAN HOVHANESS. *Khaldis: Concerto for Piano, Four Trumpets, and Percussion.* William Masselos, pian-

ist, with a chamber ensemble conducted by Izler Solomon. *Pastorale No. 1, Fantasy on an Ossetin Tune, Orbit No. 2, Jhala, Hymn to a Celestial Musician, Achtamar.* William Masselos, pianist. —Unfortunately, I do not have the space to describe this fascinating music—music which is new and, at the same time, harks back, in more than one respect, to the dim and distant past. Hovhaness is an American composer of Armenian-Scotch descent. He is an intrepid explorer in the realm of tone. His compositions for solo piano reveal, with striking effectiveness, the resources and the possibilities of the interior of the instrument; for in addition to the normal way of playing, the composer calls for the use of a hard-rubber xylophone mallet, a soft tympani stick, and a soft mandolin plectrum. Masselos, an American pianist of Greek and Dutch parentage, plays the fascinating music in an admirable manner. This is a stunning "hi-fi" recording. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3160.

GREEN RIVER

The land you channel is still your own,
Great green river,
Though men have come and men have gone
(You flowing ever);
And your silt which builds for a day and a day,
And the banks that your gnawing has cut away,
Are made and destroyed, as a child at play
Doth mould and scatter his blobs of clay,
Great green river!

You have seen the savage pushed back and back,
Great green river,
By the ceaseless press of a wagon track
(You flowing ever);
And the long steel rails that were laid in pain,
Then the beetle-buzz of a wide-winged plane—
And you know, as they come, they will pass again,
That nothing matters save God's sun and rain,
Great green river!

—WALTER F. C. ADE

THE NEW BOOKS

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

RELIGION

THE RENEWAL OF MAN

By Alexander Miller (Doubleday, $2.95)

Alexander Miller is the theologian-philosopher of Stanford University who is noted for his straightforward writing to the lay reader on the Christian calling (*Christian Faith and My Job;* "Towards A Contemporary Doctrine of Vocation" in *Christian Faith and Social Action*). The subtitle to the book is "A Twentieth Century Essay on Justification by Faith." The term "justification" is frequently used in the sense of "renewal." Yet Miller chooses the term "justification" deliberately in order to make God's own intervention basic for the rescue from the dilemmas of human life in society. Miller says fine things in summoning the searching man to the revelation in the Jewish-Christian scriptures and there to find in Jesus Christ and the forgiveness of sin a new beginning, in which man does not save himself or love God just to be saved. Miller attacks many of the current distortions of the Christian religion: the identification of Christian ethics with rational ethics; the assumption of a rational natural law; the sorting out and rejection of practical sections of the Scriptures; the easy solutions to the problem of church and state; the sentimentalizing of politics into a religious activity. The method of the book is not negativistic, however. Rich positive discussions of man's plight, developed from current literature, and of justification, strongly relying on Luther, pervade the work. Miller criticizes Luther's doctrine of the calling for equating man's earthly vocation too closely with his calling to be a Christian. Perhaps both Luther and Miller in this respect are inadequate in recognizing the New Testament program for man's earthly calling: a situation in which he himself becomes a calling person, conveying the call of God to the next man. Luther's deference to the vocations of the Word may have left him unready to assert this with consistent clarity for every Christian. A closing chapter deals with the church and its common life. Miller writes with an almost British blend of leisureliness, meekness, and wit. This book is the first in a series of four, under the general editorship of Reinhold Niebuhr, pitched specifically at thoughtful laymen. This book should pass from hand to hand among college students, and all for that matter who want Christ and His Church to mean the life in God for themselves and their friends.

RICHARD R. CAEMMERER

A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS: JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY

By Mabel R. Brailsford (Oxford, $4.00)

Memo to historians: Take a tip from Miss Brailsford—learn to write. This is fascinating history, beautifully written, with sympathy, insight and humor. The author gives special attention to personal relationships as she traces the story of the Wesley brothers from the parsonage at Epworth, to the University at Oxford, to Oglethorpe's colony in Georgia, through the beginnings of Methodism in Bristol, London, Newcastle, Wales, and Ireland. She is not tongue-tied as are official Methodist historians when it comes to Charles' disastrous interference in John's love affair with the young widow Grace Murray. Neither does she try to hide the ever-widening breach between the brothers which understandably dates from this romantic comedy of errors. It becomes abundantly clear that the brothers deeply loved and valued each other though they differed widely in the expression of their profound love of God, love of their brothers and sisters in Christ, and love of the Church of England.

In the Foreword Miss Brailsford says, "Though Charles is my main subject, the character of John, who for twenty years filled the younger brother's imagination and ordered his life, must form an integral part of the story." This is, no doubt, typical British understatement. Though Charles was famous in his own day as a great preacher, and famous since as England's greatest hymn-writer, as a person he was strangely dependent. At first he was under the tutelage of his brother Sam, a high-church poet and priest. Later his life was almost entirely determined by his brother John, until he finally rebelled, only to become more dependent on his wife Sally.

John Wesley dominates the book as he dominated the lives of his brother and fellow Methodists. Miss Brailsford's book is a lively and lucid commentary on John's word to Charles, "I may be in some sense the head, and you the heart of the work." In this volume head and heart are fitly joined together in their ministry of bringing all the members of the body under the control of Christ, the head.

PAUL O. WHITTLE

RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM

Edited by F. Ernest Johnson (Harper, $2.50)

This volume is based on lectures given at The Institute for Religious and Social Studies of The Jewish Theological Seminary of America during the winter of 1952-1953. The symposium represent an attempt by Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish thinkers to describe and to assess the role of religious symbolism in contemporary religious life in America. Three of the lectures deal with religious symbolism in Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish worship, and three more embody estimates of "The Future of Religious Symbolism" by a Protestant, a Roman Catholic and a Jew. Other lectures deal briefly with

the fields of church architecture, the religious use of the dance, and with religious symbolism in contemporary literature. Paul Tillich contributes an offering entitled "Theology and Symbolism." Each writer supplies a bibliography relevant to his subject.

A critical evaluation of all these contributions is mainfestly impossible in this space. In the opinion of this reviewer two of the essays are especially well done: "The Liturgical Revival in Protestantism" by Marvin P. Halverson, and "Religious Symbolism in Contemporary Literature" by Nathan A. Scott, Jr.

The concern behind these essays is represented by the editor in two quotations. R. M. MacIver: "No area of human communication depends more on symbolic expression than that of religious experience." Susanne K. Langer: "Indifference to art is the most serious sign of decay in any institution; nothing bespeaks its old age more eloquently than that art, under its patronage, becomes literal and self-imitating."

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS OF HANS NIELSEN HAUGE

Translated by Joel M. Njus (Augsburg, $1.50)

This is a very readable translation of the selected writings of the leader of the so-called "lay movement" in Norway, a movement which has had considerable influence on the Norwegian churches in this country. The book has a brief sketch of Hauge's life (1771 to 1824), and is mainly concerned with this reformer's "religious experiences."

The importance of this book lies in the fact that few church members know what a "lay movement" is, or what makes a "pietist" tick. Here the reader is given a direct look into the horse's mouth. Anyone who has joined the crowd in heaping scorn on the pietist better read this book.

Church reformers are never welcomed with open arms. They are usually misunderstood and mistreated by the "good people." And yet they usually have a "point" which is little appreciated during their lifetime. This was true of Hauge. His movement had rough going in Norway, Hauge himself spending a large part of his life in prison for his "crimes." An appendix of "Testimonial Letters" reveals that in spite of the persecution suffered by this man of God at the hands of Norway's officialdom, both church and state, he had also gained the respect of many citizens and officials.

CHRISTIAN PREUS

WE LIVE BY FAITH

By Ruby Lornell (Muhlenberg, $2.00)

This little book purports to be a layman's guide to Christian belief. Its scope is both Christian doctrine (Part I: The Christian Faith) and the Christian ethic (Part II: The New Life in Christ). Thus, it must perforce be brief at all points. Within these admitted limits how adequate is its treatment to its intent?

Miss Lornell has succeeded in touching on an admirable number of central Christian problems: from

Creation and arguments for the existence of God, to Old Testament messianic thinking, sin (total depravity, original sin), forgiveness (Grace and the Atonement theories), the Trinity, the Church, Sacraments, guilt, prayer, and last things (hell and eternal life). Her chapters on the doctrines of man and the Church are capable treatments of complex issues, as is her discussion of the Trinity and the "Revelation in Jesus Christ."

Her treatment of the Christian ethic is much less adequate, and abounds in generalizations about peace, money, cheerfulness, sex, self-expression and conformity, gossip, judging and loving others, and the necessity of the Christian's entering the political and economic arena out of the impulse of his faith.

Two criticisms of the book appear justified: First, its scope is far broader than can be handled effectively at this level of penetration. The book lacks selectivity, tight organization, and suffers from over-neat distinctions and simplifications. This is especially regrettable since the author obliquely reflects a deep understanding of Christian Doctrine. Second, the author appears to be on much more solid ground when explaining Christian doctrine in abstracto—though unnecessarily sketchy at times—than when indicating how the Christian faith can be a creative force in life. Hence the book lacks balance and fails in its promise of showing what precisely is the "New Life in Christ."

KENNETH H. KLEIN

FICTION

BLIZZARD

By Phil Stong (Doubleday, $3.50)

There is probably no imaginative person who has not at least given a few thoughts to the possibility of being snowbound. Ever since Whittier's poem, we have all been struck by the innumerable romantic events which might evolve. In *Blizzard* Phil Stong, author of *State Fair* and many other successful movies and novels, takes advantage of such a situation. As in the poem "shut in from all tne world without," the author captures this mood. His story has a setting in 1955 on an Iowa farm and so, although our characters are marooned only for a weekend, he cuts them off from the modern world, the electricity, telephone, water—all unavailable.

Our principal characters are the lonely farm girl who aspires to be a concert pianist, a Korean veteran hopelessly entangled in marital difficulties with his worldly war bride who also happens in, and a politician with aspiration for the U.S. Senate. His spoiled daughter and her boyfriend, who happens to be the politician's publicity man, are also on hand. The novel is filled with action. The farmhand breaks his leg, the mother lamb and mother pig both give birth to large families, the politician's daughter is lost in the snow and so a procession of crises develop. By the end of the long weekend, all of the problems disappear and the snowplows and the thaw bring a peaceful ending.

An Iowan himself, Mr. Stong has shown his great knack for capturing

the thoughts, moods and actions of rural life in the midwest. Although not a book of lasting significance, Mr. Stong has again displayed his ability to tell a good story.

JOSEPHINE L. FERGUSON

LAUGH TILL YOU CRY

By Wolf Mankowitz (Dutton, $2.50)

The salesman for a firm manufacturing pracitcal joke items such as exploding cigars and itching powder survives a shipwreck and is cast ashore on a tropical island with only his sample case. Through the use of his store of tricks and jokes, he soon becomes head man of the island and ruler of its extremely materialistic natives. When this power affects the salesman adversely, the natives desert him. Pitted against nature, the tricks are not effective, and the salesman, becoming more rational, joins the natives in constructing a better society.

Through this simple story, the author produces an amusing and sharp satire on our own society. It is a sly satire on the materialism and the social habits of modern man that is unusually effective because it is introduced so deceptively. Wolf Mankowitz, many of whose humorous articles have appeared in *Punch,* is a very able writer with a subtle style.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

By C. S. Forester (Little, Brown, $3.95)

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP

By Commander Edward L. Beach, USN (Holt, $3.95)

A story of American submarines operating in the Pacific during World War II, *Run Silent, Run Deep* follows the career of a Commander Richardson through four years of war as a submarine commander. It is the duty of Richardson and of the various submarines he commands to destroy as much Japanese shipping as possible. They are quite successful and their only nemesis is Bungo Pete, an aggressive commander of a Japanese sub-hunting destroyer who, though he appears only through his actions, seems to be a much more clever and interesting character than Richardson. When the submarines are in action, this novel is exciting and realistic. But when Richardson and his crew go ashore, they plow slowly through the rather pedestrian prose. Commander Beach writes from experience and he has included enough detail and a sufficient number of orders to qualify a careful reader for command of a submarine. He has written a helpful account, though hardly the definitive novel of submarine warfare.

While Commander Beach introduces several characters and realizes none of them, C. S. Forester in *The Good Shepherd* concentrates on one man, Commander George Krause, and makes a memorable character out of him. Commander Krause, USN, has been passed over for promotion but he is retained for service when World War II begins. He is in charge of the escorts guarding a convoy of merchant ships headed for England in the early war years. Through the constant attacks of the German submarine packs, the small escort ships

fight back. This novel is loaded with tension and action, yet it is primarily the story of the decisions of command. Commander Krause, the son of a Lutheran minister, makes each agonizing decision quickly though not before he has searched his Christian conscience. Forester, best known for the many volumes of his Hornblower saga, has written a highly interesting novel of man and modern warfare.

GENERAL

THE SOLITARY SINGER: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF WALT WHITMAN

By Gay Wilson Allen (Macmillan, $8.00)

In this centennial year of *Leaves of Grass* the most complete biography of its author auspiciously has arrived. Numerous books and articles have attempted to interpret the man and his work. Because each year since The Good Grey Poet's death in 1892 always more and newer personal data in the form of letters, manuscripts, and private insights have become available, naturally the latest book has all the advantages.

Prof. Allen of New York University is also the creator of the widely used *Walt Whitman Handbook*. With acknowledgment of his indebtedness to the extensively assembled but unassimilated Whitman materials of the late Clifton J. Furness, Dr. Allen with precision and perception born of 25 years of Whitman study here offers a highly readable and authentic account of the man whom Thoreau hailed as the greatest democrat.

> I have attempted to trace consecutively the physical life of the man, the growth of his mind, and the development of his art out of his physical and mental experience. Other biographers have attempted this integration, but never on quite so ambitious a scale. I have also tried to show the relations of these concomitant developments to the national life, which it was Whitman's special ambition to express through his poems.

This goal is well achieved, but I must add my sole complaint that the proposed separation of the man from the myth is not easily accomplished. Not forcefully enough does this book discuss e.g. the pose that Whitman brought into his activity in politics or the Bohemian enthusiasm that is in his journalistic ventures. Possibly Whitman will become in fuller time like Blake, Poe, and Shelley—namely that the legend will refuse to die. Still, *The Solitary Singer* does focus a bright light upon the subject's interests and goals, his controversies and reputation, his skills and achievements; here is indeed a warm personality.

Emerson is more famous and Longfellow more beloved, but until very recent years no other American author has aroused so much variety of response. In these pages you will find a notable analysis of "a man who believes so rapturously in the essential goodness of all created things—even of that pit, the soul of man!" Such neopaganism, of course, was Whitman's

favorite pastime, a kind of philosophical loafing that literally soaked life in. Coupled therewith are a certain restless energy of mind, richly seminal and stimulating cadences that echo the Websterian oratory as well as the opera and theater of that period (for Whitman's style is essentially oral in quality), plus topics and subjects that are closely related to Emersonian Transcendentalism.

In sum, *The Solitary Singer* has good possibilities of being accepted as the definitive biography of this poet who lived and observed life thus passionately and in places so diversified as Manhattan ferries or Civil War hospital tents. Likewise we receive a reliably comprehensive picture of certain aspects of life in America a century ago. Thus we end Prof. Allen's book by knowing more about Whitman (and more systematically) than his mystified family ever did.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

BACK OF HISTORY

By William Howells (Doubleday, $5.00)

Back of History is an attempt to outline the story of man's progress through time. It is the story of man from his earliest beginnings down to the time of recorded history. Dr. Howells discusses the origin of languages, the discovery of tools, the beginnings of agriculture, the organization of society, and the growth of culture which culminated in the cradles of civilization in the Near East, Crete, China, and in the Western Hemisphere.

The author does not use the Biblical approach to the origin of mankind. He concedes that as yet many questions involving prehistoric days remain unanswered. However, Dr. Howells demonstrates his wide knowledge of the subject based on extensive study in the fields of anthropology and sociology. Yet he does not parade his knowledge. He has the happy faculty of knowing what to choose from the well nigh endless details which a study of this problem presents, in order to make something understandable out of the past in a general way. He is a scholar with the unusual ability to write for the average reader. He writes simply but clearly, and at times even injects a bit of humor. These factors make *Back of History* an interesting and fascinating book to read.

R. H. BULS

CHRISTIANITY AND ANTI-SEMITISM

By Nicolas Berdyaev (Philosophical Library, $2.75)

Christianity and Anti-Semitism appeared first in essay form in the Russian language, probably during or immediately preceding World War II. Then it was translated into and published in French. Alan A. Spears and Victor B. Kanter translated it into English. The essay itself comprises only about half of the pages of the booklet; the rest is devoted to a commentary on the essay and an elaborate array of notes, both by Spears who is evidently a student of Berdyaev.

The essay is a most severe con-

demnation of anti-semitism, especially where it is in evidence among Christians. Where anti-semitism is found, besides other more obvious reasons for it, "there undeniably exists a mystical fear of the Jews," according to Berdyaev. He claims the ideology of anti-semitism "holds that the Jews are an inferior race despised by the rest of humantiy to whom they are themselves hostile. But on the other hand, it considers this inferior race to be the strongest, eternally triumphant over all the others wherever free competition exists."

The author lists four types of anti-semitism: racial, economic, political, and religious. He claims that all the evils attributed to the Jews by the protagonists of one form of anti-semitism or another are found to a far greater degree among the anti-semites themselves, Christians not excepted. He says that the religious anti-semites (Christians) blame the Jews for crucifying our Lord and while doing it these Christians themselves become guilty of the very sins they attribute to the Jews.

The essay lists and evaluates two approaches to the problem of anti-semitism. It rejects the "Jewish state" idea because "it does not appear to conform with the messianic mission of the Jewish people. The destiny of the Jewish people is eschatalogical and will find no solution till the end of time." Berdyaev says "the very preservation of this people is rationally inconceivable and inexplicable."

The conversion of the Jews to Christianity "is the only possible solution to the problem," says Berdyaev. He claims further that this solution has not been effective because of "the Christians demanding that the Jews be converted by holding a knife at their throats, and should they refuse, of regarding the pogrom as a natural sanction." For the conversion of the Jews to Christianity there must, according to Berdyaev, be a wholesale conversion of Christians from an unchristian anti-semitism.

One may not be ready to go along with Berdyaev in his idea of "the messianic mission of the Jewish people," nor with what seems to be his viewpoint that anti-semitism is the major besetting sin of Christians generally. He has, however, laid bare a sin little recognized and less repented of than many others, a sin that has doggedly followed the Christian Church in all lands and in all ages since the days of the early Christian Church.

Though *Christianity and Anti-Semitism* quite obviously was not written for the average man in the pew, it cannot but help Christian ministers and Christian lay leaders to take a fresh look at the historical Christian approach to the Jews and to get on that side of the fence where our Lord, Himself a Jew, would want to find them.

ANDREW SCHULZE

THE NATURE OF SYMPATHY

By Max Scheler (Yale, $5.00)

This is a translation of the fifth edition of Scheler's great work which appeared originally in 1913 under the title *Zur Phaenomenologie der*

Sympathiegefuhle und von Liebe und Hass. Max Scheler, who died in 1928, was a German philosopher who made contributions of outstanding importance in philosophical ethics, social theory, and philosophy of religion. His characteristic approach to problems in these fields of philosophical inquiry was marked by his use of the so-called "phenomenological method," for which he was largely indebted to his teacher, Edmund Husserl. Scheler has been virtually unknown in English-speaking circles, partly because of the complexity of his writings, and partly because he is so difficult to classify. A German of Jewish antecedents, he was at one stage in his development a devout Roman Catholic. Yet in the evening of his short life he flirted with Buddhism, then espoused a kind of panentheism, and finally became an atheist.

This work on the nature of sympathy is one of Scheler's most characteristic performances. In it are revealed his general theory of value which is fundamental to his ethics; his theory of the nature of love, which pervades his philosophy of religion; and his restless inquiry into man's knowledge of other selves, which foreshadows his later panentheistic speculations.

Beginning with a phenomenological analysis of fellow feeling Scheler subjects the theories of Schopenhauer, von Hartmann, Spencer and Freud to a devastating criticism. In Part II, after outlining his phenomenology of love and hatred, he engages in an extensive critique of naturalistic theories of love. Even after he formulates his own theory of the nature of sympathy and love, the reader is not likely to appreciate the issues involved until the question of man's knowledge of other minds is raised in Part III, in which Scheler combats the theory of "analogical inference." Here he unmasks so many uncritical assumptions in contemporary psychological and sociological research that one wonders whether Scheler has been ignored by so many because an admission of the relevance of his probing questions would entail an acknowledgement of the shallowness and naivete of current methodologies in these fields.

If Scheler is right, he has discovered a whole new world of meaning in human experience: "The world of the Thou, or of the community, is just as much an *independent sphere of essential* being as are the spheres of the external world, the internal world, the bodily environment and the realm of the divine." Scheler supports his theory with many allusions to contemporary researches into the psychology of animals, primitives and children. Whether or not one agrees with his conclusions, tribute must be paid to this protean genius who, whenever he tackled a problem, formulated it afresh, and pointed out significant tasks which will challenge first-rate minds for generations to come.

A Minority Report

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Liberalism

"What is liberalism? Any word that ends in *ism* and applies to or attempts to denote a political creed inevitably becomes a battleground littered with conflicting meanings and ambiguities. *Communism, socialism, elitism*—they are all much-fought-over words—definition is at your peril. . . .But liberalism is one of the most disputed words in the language." This statement by William Y. Elliott and Neil A. McDonald of the New Jersey College for Women, Rutgers University, wraps up the basic problem of liberalism: we do not know what it is!

It is a usable word and it is often used rather loosely. It might refer to an otherwise orthodox clergyman who does not say anything against dancing, cardplaying, and life insurance. It might even apply to a clergyman who uses the Revised Version. Just this morning I saw a clergyman driving a pale pink convertible. Is he a liberal? It has often been applied to an educator who gives the objective type of examination, to an educator who discusses rather than lectures. It might refer to a student who dares publicly to question the lord of the classroom, the master of A's and F's. The attitude of a young football player I know slightly reflects the liberal attitude of some sophisticated people we all know. The comment of the football player after arrest for drunkenness and contributing to the delinquency of a minor

went like this: "What's this country coming to? A fellow can't even take a drink anymore. I'm free, white, twenty-one, and independent, ain't I?"

But he was not completely free. As punishment for his crime of independence, the judge decreed that he pick up two hundred empty beer cans. The punishment could have been more liberal. More freedom for his expanding and expansive personality would have come from sitting in jail for several days. How can you brag to the fellows about picking up two hundred empties?

The Reformation And the Renaissance

True to its root (*liber,* i.e., free), liberalism vaguely implies a kind of freedom. It meant something like this as early as the days of the Reformation and the Renaissance.

Luther wanted to be free, mainly from the Catholic Church. At times, he did not seem to be too certain of that. When he promulgated the doctrine of the priesthood of believers, he enunciated a freedom from any mediation between him and his God by a special priestly class. Yet neither Luther nor the traditional Lutherans have done away with the clergy.

The Renaissance man became the masterless man. This meant that man was to be the measure of all things. God was to be torn down from the heavens and man would become his own creator, free to act, free to speak, free to criticize, and free to create his own values.

But man was not to be completely free. Natural law was rediscovered and re-emphasized as a protection for man and as limitation on the conduct of man. No man, said the natural rightists, can take my life, liberty, and property.

The Pattern of Rights

Natural rights were to be a negative protection. They were to restrict any interference with life, liberty, and property. It was natural, it was said, for a man not to be restricted—not by the church, not by law, not by custom, not by the state, not by his natural superiors. The natural rights patterns of the early liberals had some positive connotations: free inquiry, freedom to think and speak, freedom to enjoy life and the fruits of life, freedom of opportunity, and freedom to worship. But take a look at these words! What have

they said? They really do not mean very much.

One of the so-called sacred rights we hear so much about is the right to property. What is a property right? I buy an acre and a half. Do I have a *natural* right to it because I paid for it? I sell the acre and a half to another person. Does he now have a natural right to that property? Did he by use of legal tender acquire a *natural* right to that acre and a half? Is that the way we gain natural rights—by the use of legal tender and deeds legally arrived at?

Even if I have a natural right to property, can it never be interfered with? Does my natural right tell me that the Interstate Commerce Commission cannot set rates and fix conditions on my railroad? It seems to me that my right to property and the value of that property have been established by society. What I really have is a right to property established by legal conventions and the prescriptive norms of society. What good is my natural right to property if the community through its governmental agency decides to build a public utility across it? When I say I own property, I am simply saying that by prescribed rules the community has decided I can use that property.

The Other Side

The legal determination of the private use of property is just as hard to establish as it is to establish the natural right to property. When has a person gone too far in the private use of property? When he leases his real estate and buildings to streetwalkers and prostitutes? When he rents property to members of a criminal syndicate? How does one determine when a corporation has aggregated too much profit for the good of the community?

Some students have said one can do with his property what he wishes as long as that person has not hurt someone by the use of the property. When is a man hurt? You have hurt a man who wanted to buy that property as soon as you were able to buy it. Thomas Paine, the pamphleteer of the American Revolution, maintained that one man's rights end where another man's rights begin. Where is that? Try to draw the line between the right to property and the right to work at the bargaining table of a labor-management negotiation!

Life is not so much a matter of black-and-white, of either-or, or of right-and-duty as it is a matter of drawing lines in the twilight zones.

The Pattern of Expectations

In a fine book, *Politics, Economics, and Welfare,* Robert A. Dahl and Charles E. Lindblom (both of Yale University), begin their discussion of freedom by saying, ". . . .let us begin the other way around, not with a definition but with a conceivable condition for which a label is needed. The conceivable state of affairs is this: 'the absence of obstacles to the realisation of desires'." In this explanation one begins with the logical referants in the logic of experience. At least, the student of society does not get caught in a discussion of abstractions and essences such as "What are my *natural* rights?"

Rather Dahl and Lindblom begin with the pattern of expectations. You and I have certain desires: food, drink, sex, security, the plus life of a spiritual transcendental, love and affection, respect, prestige, aesthetic satisfactions and so on. If someone puts obstacles into the way of my hunger desire for any length of time, I will starve. It is not so much an issue of my natural right to food as it is a question of how much freedom do I need to live. Well, how much food do you need and therefore how much freedom do you need? If you are an expansive, unadulterated and unashamed glutton, you will need an expansive freedom. But you might have to be restricted in order to give someone else a chance to eat. What one may eat and how much depends to a large degree upon the values of the community and the rules of the community game which will have been established. Certainly it is a matter of drawing some lines again but within the framework of concrete experience. A Daniel Boone alone on the frontier faced less restrictions perhaps than a citizen living in 1955 on the congested sidewalks of Chicago or New York. Times, places, and history —the logic of experience—do have something to do with what I may or may not do.

D. C. DIGEST

The Washington Newsletter

Washington, D. C.
May 1, 1955

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businessman. . .its **subscription** price $18 a year. . .its estimated circulation 200,000. . .its gross **income** close to $4 million. Willard M. Kiplinger, founder in 1923, still writes each letter from his specialist's reports. "Kip" also publishes an agriculture letter, a tax letter, an overseas letter and a magazine. . .**Changing Times.**

WHALEY-EATON, founded 1918, was the original Washington letter. Aimed at big corporation executives, its **circulation** is close to 20,000. The **rate:** $25 a year. Less striking, more conservative in style, but no less concise, it is written in whole sentences. Where Kiplinger might use a clause and dots. . .Whaley-Eaton explains in a paragraph.

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DAMNED AND PRAISED, quoted and plagiarized, denied and kidded, respected and called gossip, compared to racing tip-sheets and declared merely rumor, I-told-you-so-ed and besmirched, accused of playing on businessmen's fears and described oracles, the Letters have established a solid place for themselves in the highly competitive information media field. . . For example, "Kip's" clients renew at a rate of 85%. . .phenomenal for any publication.

THE BIG LEAGUERS DON'T LIKE TO BE CALLED "NEWS" LETTERS—and not much of their material is news. They like to say they present expert, official (governmental and private) opinion, policy, and analysis. . .**the low down from high up.**

Commented one Washington observer in **Harpers,** "The newsletters have . . .made two important discoveries. Significant news is not what is happening all over the world but what is happening within a **few square city blocks of the world's surface.** Vital news is not what has happened. . . Vital news is **what is going to happen."**

Commented another: "Anything you can get from a newsletter you can get by reading carefully the financial page of the New York **Times."**

Yours very truly,

ROBERT E. HORN

Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

Your correspondent from Xanadu who signs himself "G" is not the only good writer in Nebraska. For some time I have suspected that "G" stands for "Ghost," like in "Ghost writer." Be he phantom or fact, there have been other skilled authors in the Cornhusker State, Bess Streeter, Willa Cather, Mari Sandoz, to mention a few.

To this string we may add the name of Frederic Babcock, who edits "The Magazine of Books," a Sunday supplement of the Chicago *Tribune*. Last year this son of a Nebraska minister had a novel published, namely *Hang Up the Fiddle*. The scene was laid in a typical Nebraska town (not Xanadu, which exists only in Coleridge's poem *Kubla Khan*) and reflected the clean air the Cornhuskers breathe.

At hand is a note from the author in which he comments on the favorable reaction to his novel. Encouraged by the response, Babcock is now working on a sequel novel, "whose central figure will be patterned to some extent on my life-long hero, Senator George W. Norris." He says also: "But, perhaps to the disappointment of some of the eastern critics, there won't be a line of filth or a single smutty episode in it. Maybe that's because of my Nebraska training."

Since "G" is having quite a time keeping Zeitgeist in line, let him find courage in the fact that a fellow Nebraskan in the diaspora is doing his bit to keep the "zeitgeist" of literary pornography out of well-written novels.

Sincerely,

RUDOLPH NORDEN
Ex-Nebraskan

Broadview, Illinois

FOUR POEMS

By Joseph Joel Keith

JOURNEY WITH SONG

The phoebe calls from the apple bough,
the thrush calls from the wood.
Where shall we spend the afternoon?
where the fruit is ripe and good,
where berries hang the fattest now?
Wait—there is another tune.

A tune? It is a rising theme
that rushes full to sky,
deep summer's gay ascendancy
above the meadow's stream:
the lark is swift, the lark is high;
no more than two who walk, earth-free.

The day is done; the time is still;
and twilight-still, we go,
two steps as one, back home again,
pushed where the breezes blow,
moved by thought, like the whippoorwill,
the go-to-nighttime strain.

FREE TREASURE

He heard the bird
and he wished to find it.
Could he keep it, too?
So close it was,
and then it vanished.
It's wings were blue.
He learned to wait;
long, long he waited;
and he did not stir.
Not when it lit
on the close bough, brightened
by the song of her.
Not when it rose,
when he clenched his fingers.
It was not the land's,
not the free blue wings -
song held by the heavens
and not by hands.

COMPLETED THEME

The dawn is music; when the day awakes
soft is the early sound; the listener,
hearer of tiny taps, of life that breaks
the shell of melody, will stilly stir
from night's warm covers to the warmth of sun.
All through long day, the growing, warmer bar
will leap with cadences of song not done,
though silent singers see the evening star.
The dawn is music, and the twilight too,
and each related in the rise and fall.
Loud are the scales that leap the whole day through.
Best are the earliest, the feathered call
of dawn, and twilight's settling notes at rest
like soft, warm birds together in a nest.

SAME SONG, NEW WORDS

This is the time
of a boy's shout,
time when the fire
inside's put out.

This is the time
when a girl's dress
is thin cloth, bloom's
bright loveliness.

This is the time
when the packet's seeds
rises in thought's
recurring needs.

Even if April
brought no birds,
and the child's songbook
had no words,

this would be joy
and joy "for keeps."
This is a time
that runs and leaps.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

The writers of our two major feature articles this month are both men of unusual competence who have brought to the study and practice of sociology the insights derived from theological training.

Both articles deal with changes that are taking place within a church body which has been noted for the soundness of its indoctrination and for the homogeneity of its culture. These changes produce, on the one hand, exciting challenges. On the other hand, they produce problems to which the Christian social scientists within the church may be able to offer at least a method for finding the answers.

Next month's issue will deal with some of the problems which arise out of the natural sciences.

This month and last, we have been forced to omit our motion picture column. Mrs. Hansen, our columnist, underwent major surgery from which she has now happily recovered. We are promised a resumption of the column next month.

The question has sometimes been raised in our editorial board meetings whether the readers of the CRESSET are still a part of the movie-going public or not. Few of our editors get to the movies anymore and it occurred to us that the same may be true of our readers. We do not propose to put Mrs. Hansen out of a job but perhaps to broaden her duties to take in the related fields of radio and television. Her column would, thus, become a commentary on what, for lack of a better term, might be called the entertainment arts.

We would welcome expressions of opinion from our readers on this proposal. Maybe our editors are just too sedentary to get out to the movies. But times do change, and we try to change more or less with them.

Our readers may be interested to know that the third child of our Ad Libber, Alfred Looman, turned out to be a third boy. Father and son are doing well.